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PAGES

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Tommy
TOMORROW



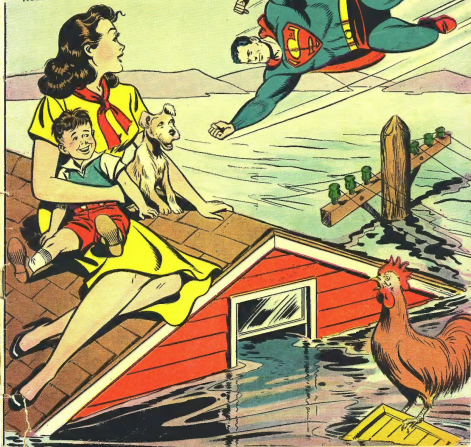
ACTION

WILL FOSTER

ACTION COMICS

NO. 144 MAY

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ONE MORNING, AS REPORTER CLARK KENT HASTENS TOWARD THE DAILY PLANET OFFICE...

THE CHIEF'S BOILING MAD ABOUT MY LATENESS THIS WEEK. WELL, LUCKILY, THERE ARE NO SUPERMAN DUTIES TO DELAY ME TODAY. I'LL MAKE THE OFFICE ON TIME FOR ONCE.



AT THAT MOMENT, AS A JUNK-TRUCK LOADED WITH OLD NEWSPAPERS ROUNDS THE CORNER...



WHY--IT'S A VERY OLD COPY OF THE DAILY PLANET--WITH THE FIRST NEWS STORY I EVER WROTE! THE STORY THAT FINALLY GOT ME THE REPORTER'S JOB I SOUGHT IN METROPOLIS!



HEY! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE WALKING!

MY FIRST STORY! WHAT MEMORIES IT BRINGS BACK! I WAS ONLY A KID IN SMALLVILLE HIGH WHEN I FIRST DECIDED TO BECOME A GREAT REPORTER LIKE PERRY WHITE...



...OBSERVING HIM CONVINCED ME THAT REPORTING WAS THE BEST OPPORTUNITY FOR BEING FREE TO HELP PEOPLE AS SUPERMAN. HM--AND THE DAY PERRY WHITE SPOKE AT SMALLVILLE HIGH--HE'D JUST BEEN MADE DAILY PLANET EDITOR--AND I WAS ONLY A KID--



WELL, SON IF YOU REALLY WANT TO BE A REPORTER, YOU REMEMBER TO COME AND SEE ME AT THE DAILY PLANET WHEN YOU GRADUATE.

GOSH--MR. WHITE--I CERTAINLY WILL!



"I NEVER FORGOT THAT INVITATION. YEARS LATER, WHEN I CAME TO METROPOLIS FOR A JOB -- I WENT STRAIGHT TO THE DAILY PLANET OFFICE. GOSH, HOW IT ALL COMES BACK TO ME!"...

MR. WHITE -- REMEMBER ME? CLARK KENT? IF THAT REPORTER'S JOB IS STILL WAIT--

WHAT? REPORTER'S JOB? ER-UH--SEE ME TOMORROW, MR. --UH--BENT! I'M IN A HURRY NOW!

"SO I WENT BACK THE NEXT DAY, BUT--"

I'M CLARK KENT. YOU SAID TO SEE YOU TODAY ABOUT THAT REPORTER'S JOB YOU PROM--

ER--WHAT? WELL-- LEAVE AN APPLICATION WITH THE GIRL OUTSIDE, MR.-UH-LENT! WE'LL LET YOU KNOW WHEN THERE'S AN OPENING!

"IT LOOKED AS IF HE WERE TOO BUSY TO REMEMBER ME. STILL, I FILLED OUT THE APPLICATION. AND BECAUSE I NEEDED A JOB-- ANY JOB--I BECAME A TAXI-DRIVER..."

DRIVING A CAB WILL EARN ME A SALARY AND ENABLE ME TO GET AROUND AND BE HELPFUL TO PEOPLE AS SUPERMAN!

SUDDENLY...

FOLLOW THAT CAR!

HUH? ER-- SURE!

THOSE MOBSTERS JUST NABBED A GUY RIGHT ON MY BEAT! I'M GETTING INSIDE THE CAB! NO USE MAKING MYSELF A TARGET! AND SAY-- CAN'T YOU SPEED THIS JALOPY UP? WE'RE LOSING THEM!

HM-- MAYBE I CAN...

"SINCE THE COP COULDN'T SEE FROM WHERE HE SAT, I KICKED HOLES INTO THE FLOOR OF THAT OLD CAB AND GOT MY FEET THROUGH TO THE ROAD. THEN -- "...

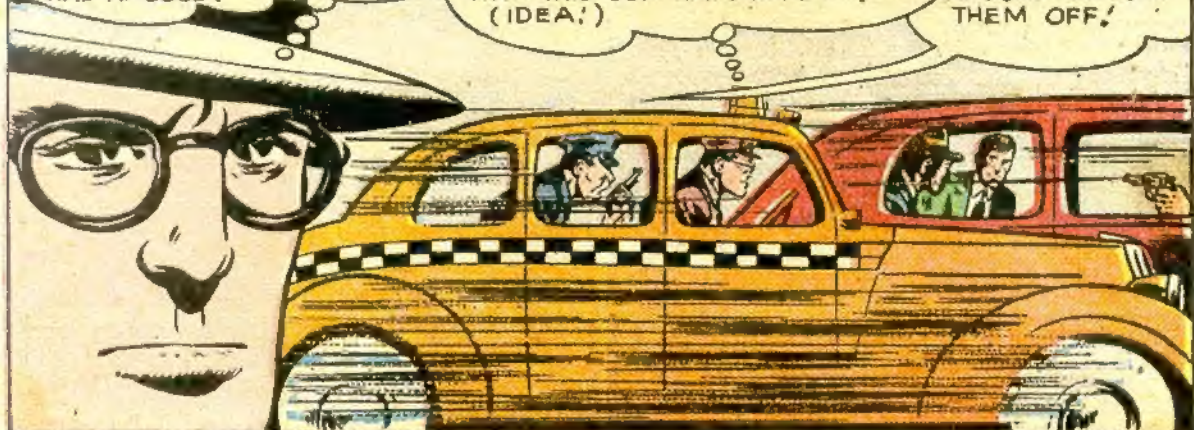
WOW! THIS JALOPY CAN TRAVEL! PASS THEM AND CUT THEM OFF! AND KEEP LOW OR YOU'LL GET HIT!

NOW THAT I'VE TURNED THIS CAB INTO A KIND OF SUPER-SPEED SCOOTER, WE'LL CATCH THEM SOON ENOUGH!

THEN, AS WE PASSED THE FLEEING LIMOUSINE, I NOTICED THE MAN THOSE HOODLUMS HAD NABBED!

WHY, IT'S PERRY WHITE HIMSELF! THOSE HOODS HAVE NABBED! HM-- HOW TO CHANGE TO SUPERMAN WITH THIS COP WATCHING ...? (IDEA!)

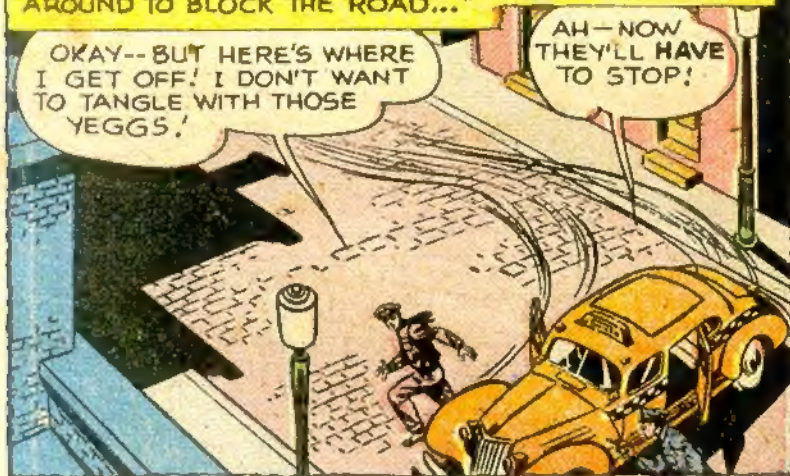
WHEN YOU GET A HUNDRED YARDS AHEAD, SWING AROUND AND CUT THEM OFF!



"IN ANOTHER MOMENT, AFTER I'D PULLED THE CAB AROUND TO BLOCK THE ROAD..."

OKAY-- BUT HERE'S WHERE I GET OFF! I DON'T WANT TO TANGLE WITH THOSE YEGGS!

AH-- NOW THEY'LL HAVE TO STOP!



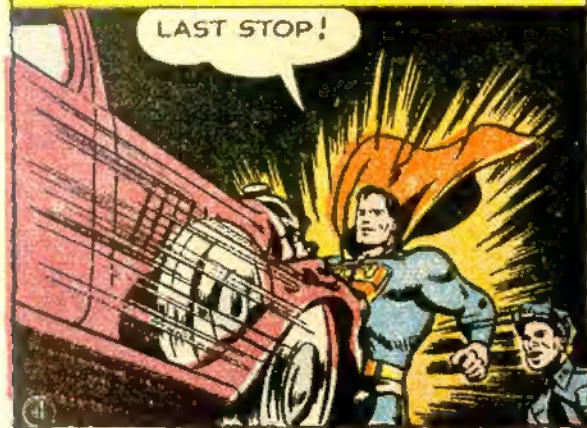
"BUT AS I REACHED THE SECLUSION OF A DOORWAY..."

HATED HAVING TO PLAY THE COWARD, BUT I HAD TO RUN AWAY TO BECOME SUPERMAN! AND -- HUH! THEY'RE NOT SLOWING DOWN! THE CAB'LL BE SMASHED!



"NO WONDER! THAT LIMOUSINE WAS ARMOR PLATED! IT WOULD HAVE SMASHED RIGHT THROUGH THE CAB, KILLING THE POLICEMAN, BUT, JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME..."

LAST STOP!



"I WAS SO FURIOUS, I RIPPED THE TOP OFF THAT LIMOUSINE AND GRABBED THOSE THREE HOODLUMS..."

WHY--YOU MUST BE SUPERMAN!

I'LL SAY! AND IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR HIM, I'D HAVE BEEN A GONER!



AFTER TURNING THOSE CROOKS OVER TO THE COP, I EXCUSED MYSELF ON THE GROUNDS OF PRESSING BUSINESS AND GOT TO THAT DOORWAY AGAIN WHERE --

THIS IS A MADE-TO-ORDER OPPORTUNITY TO REMIND PERRY WHITE OF THAT REPORTER'S JOB HE PROMISED TO CLARK KENT!



MR. WHITE -- I'M CLARK KENT -- AND IF YOU'LL REMEMBER THAT YOU --

OH, YES -- YOU'RE THE CAB DRIVER! ALL RIGHT, I'LL GET YOUR NAME IN THE PAPER WHEN WE RUN THIS STORY, BUT RIGHT NOW -- DRIVE ME OVER TO THE DAILY PLANET -- AND FAST!!



NO -- NO! IT'S ABOUT A REPORTER'S JOB YOU --

YOU, TOO? DOES EVERYBODY WANT TO BE A REPORTER? WELL -- STOP IN AT MY OFFICE SOMETIME. RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT MY MIND ON HOW TO STAY ALIVE WHILE EXPOSING THE RACKET SYNDICATE IN THIS TOWN!



* HE SEEMED TOO BUSY WITH HIS OWN PROBLEMS FOR ME TO TRY EXPLAINING WHO I WAS. AFTER I DROPPED HIM OFF, IT SUDDENLY STRUCK ME THAT... "

SO -- THIS TOWN'S BEING RUN RAGGED BY RACKETEERS! HM -- DRIVING A CAB'S HARDLY THE PLACE FOR ME. IF I CAN'T GET THAT REPORTER'S JOB -- THE PLACE FOR CLARK KENT IS THE POLICE FORCE! THEN I CAN REALLY DO SOMETHING!



'SO, NEXT DAY, I TOOK THE EXAMINATION FOR THE FORCE...'

HUH? THAT COULDN'T BE YOUR HEART I'M HEARING. IT SOUNDS LIKE AN ANVIL! WAIT'LL I CATCH THE PRACTICAL JOKER THAT'S BEEN MONKEYING WITH MY STETHOSCOPE!



* I WAS A LITTLE WORRIED ABOUT WHETHER THEY'D TAKE ME WITH GLASSES, AND IN MY NERVOUSNESS, I STARTED TO USE MY X-RAY VISION DURING THE EYE-TEST -- "

T-L-C...R...S... WHY -- YOU'RE BLIND AS A BAT! WELL -- THAT READS THE CHART IN THE NEXT ROOM BY MISTAKE!



"I THOUGHT I'D BE REJECTED, BUT WHEN I GOT TO THE EXAMINER'S DESK..."

ORDINARILY, WE'D TURN YOU DOWN FOR BAD EYES. BUT WE NEED MEN SO BAD RIGHT NOW, WE'LL TAKE YOU ON FOR SPECIAL DUTY, BUT WE CAN'T TRUST YOU WITH A GUN! IS THAT OKAY?

SURE! GOSH-- ANYTHING TO BE ON THE FORCE!



"BUT MY JOY WAS SHORT-LIVED. FOR WHEN I REPORTED TO MY SPECIAL BEAT NEXT DAY, IT TURNED OUT TO BE..."

TICKET COLLECTOR AT THE CITY AQUARIUM! NOW I'M REALLY STUCK! A FINE JOB I PICKED MYSELF!



BUT SHORTLY AFTER...

OW! HELP!

HUH? WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THERE?



HELP! GLUG!



GREAT SCOTT! IT'S THAT NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER WHO CAME IN TO DO A PICTURE STORY ON THE PLACE! COULD THOSE HOODLUMS HAVE THROWN HIM IN?

"IF I'D RESCUED THAT MAN AS CLARK KENT IT WOULD HAVE EXPOSED MY SUPERMAN IDENTITY. BUT THERE WAS NO TIME TO SWITCH!"



THAT COP'S DIVING INTO THE TANK AFTER HIM! THE OCTOPUS'LL GET HIM, TOO!

"BUT SUDDENLY--A STROKE OF LUCK! AS I GRABBED FOR THAT OCTOPUS, HE RELEASED AN INKY BLACK FLUID INTO THE WATER THAT ONLY MY X-RAY EYES COULD PENETRATE!"

FIRST TO PARALYZE THE OCTOPUS WITH A GOOD SOLID PUNCH.



"HIDDEN BY THE BLACKNESS, I DID AN UNDERWATER SWITCH TO SUPERMAN, AND THEN USED SOME OF THOSE UNDERSEA PLANTS IN THE TANK TO PAD OUT CLARK'S POLICE UNIFORM..."

THERE! A PRETTY CRUDE DUMMY OF CLARK -- BUT THOSE FOLKS OUT THERE WON'T GET TOO GOOD A LOOK AT IT ANYWAY! ONE SIDE, UGLY!



"THEN CARRYING THE CRUDE DUMMY IN MY ARMS, I STREAKED FROM THE WATER..."

I MIGHT'VE KNOWN IT WAS SUPERMAN WHO RESCUED ME, AND HE'S ALSO SAVED THAT COP WHO TRIED TO HELP ME.



SUPERMAN MUST'VE DIVED INTO THAT TANK SO FAST, WE COULDN'T EVEN SEE HIM.

"THEN, AS THE MONSTER RELEASED HIS STILL STRUGGLING VICTIM, I PUSHED THE MAN UP THROUGH THE INKY WATER UNTIL HE COULD GRAB THE EDGE OF THE TANK..."

GOOD! HE CAN CLIMB OUT BY HIMSELF NOW, AND THAT GIVES ME A COUPLE OF SECONDS TO SAVE MY SECRET IDENTITY!



"WHEN I GOT A SAFE DISTANCE FROM THE AQUARIUM, I SWITCHED BACK TO MY WET COP'S UNIFORM AND HEADED BACK..."

YES-- SUPERMAN TOOK ME OFF A WAY TO SEE IF I HAD ANY BROKEN BONES. BUT I'M FINE. HOW'D YOU EVER GET INTO THAT TANK?

THERE YOU ARE, OFFICER! ARE YOU OKAY?



THOSE SYNDICATE RACKETEERS THREW ME IN. THEY'VE BEEN ATTACKING EVERY DAILY PLANET EMPLOYEE THEY CAN FIND SINCE PERRY WHITE STARTED RUNNING THAT SERIES OF EXPOSÉS. ANYWAY, THANKS FOR TRYING TO SAVE ME, OFFICER.

HM-- IF THEY'D ONLY ASSIGN ME TO THAT SYNDICATE!



BUT NEXT MORNING AT HEADQUARTERS...

FIRST, LET ME COMMEND YOU FOR YESTERDAY'S HEROISM. SECONDLY, IT PAINS ME TO ANNOUNCE THAT THE COMMISSIONER, AFTER RECHECKING YOUR POOR EYE REPORT, HAS RULED THAT WE KEEP YOU OFF THE FORCE FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY!



SO THERE I WAS WITH-OUT A JOB AGAIN! AND MEANWHILE, NO WORD FROM THE DAILY PLANET! SO I DECIDED ON A BOLD SCHEME.



BECOMING A VACUUM CLEANER SALESMAN WAS AN INSPIRATION. BESIDES EARNING ME A LIVING, IT GIVES ME AN EXCUSE TO CALL ON PERRY WHITE AT HIS HOME WHERE I MAY BE ABLE TO REMIND HIM OF HIS PROMISE.



"IT WAS PERRY WHITE HIMSELF WHO CAME TO THE DOOR, BUT--"

A SALESMAN! UH-UH! ACCORDING TO MY X-RAY VISION, WHITE'S IN DANGER. DAREN'T WASTE TIME GOING AWAY AND SWITCHING TO SUPERMAN. I'LL HAVE TO GET IN NOW BEFORE THEY KILL HIM!



MR. WHITE--THIS LITTLE CLEANER IS THE OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME! I-- OH! OH, DEAR!

YOU FOOL! I WARNED YOU!

ALL RIGHT, MR. SALESMAN! REACH!!



TOO BAD THIS SAP HADDA WALK IN. BUT WE GOT NO CHOICE! LET 'EM BOTH HAVE IT!

HM--THEY'RE NOT WASTING ANY TIME. WELL--I WON'T WASTE ANY EITHER-- EVEN THOUGH IT MEANS REVEALING MY IDENTITY!



"BUT AS I WAS ABOUT TO ATTACK THE THUGS AT THE COST OF GIVING MYSELF AWAY, A HALF BAKED SCHEME OCCURRED TO ME!"

WAIT! D-DON'T SHOOT! I CAN DO YOU A G-GREAT FAVOR! WAIT'LL I DEMONSTRATE THIS WONDERFUL LITTLE CLEANER! NO--UH--HIDEOUT SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT!

WHY-- YOU SAP!

HOLD IT! DON'T PLUG HIM YET!



THE GUY'S ABOUT TO GET SHOT--AND HE TRIES TO SELL US A VACUUM CLEANER--FOR OUR HIDEOUT! CAN Y'IMAGINE? HOLD OFF! THIS I GOTTA SEE!

R-REALLY, GENTLEMEN--I'LL STAND BEHIND THIS PRODUCT WITH MY LAST BREATH!



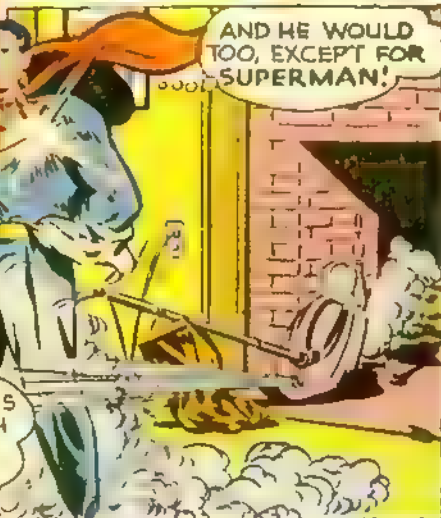
"SOMETIMES, IF A THING'S REALLY CRAZY ENOUGH, IT'LL EVEN FOOL HARDENED KILLERS. THE MOMENT I TURNED THAT CLEANER ON AND IT STARTED TO SUCK THE SMOKE FROM THAT FIREPLACE..."

HUH? IT'S A TRICK! PLUG THEM BOTH-- QUICK!

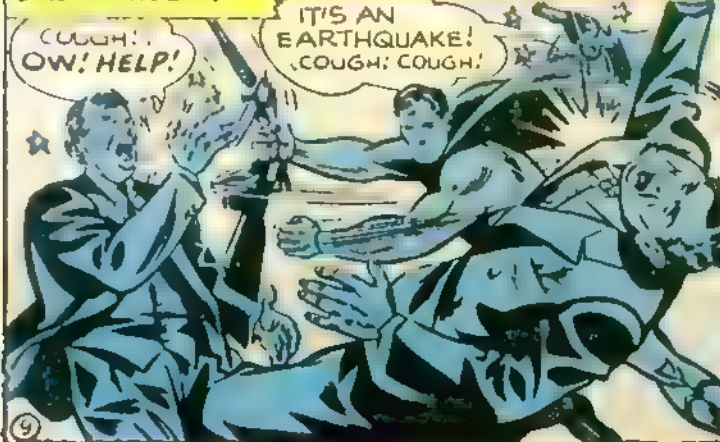


I-I CAN'T SEE THEM THROUGH THIS SMOKE-- BUT WITH THIS LITTLE TOY, I CAN HIT 'EM BLIND!

AND HE WOULD TOO, EXCEPT FOR SUPERMAN!



"IT WAS THE SAME TYPE OF CAMOUFLAGE STUNT I USED IN THAT OCTOPUS TANK--AND IT WORKED FOR ME AGAIN. I MADE SHORT WORK OF THOSE THUGS IN THAT SMOKE DIMMED ROOM!"



COUGH! OW! HELP!

IT'S AN EARTHQUAKE! COUGH! COUGH!

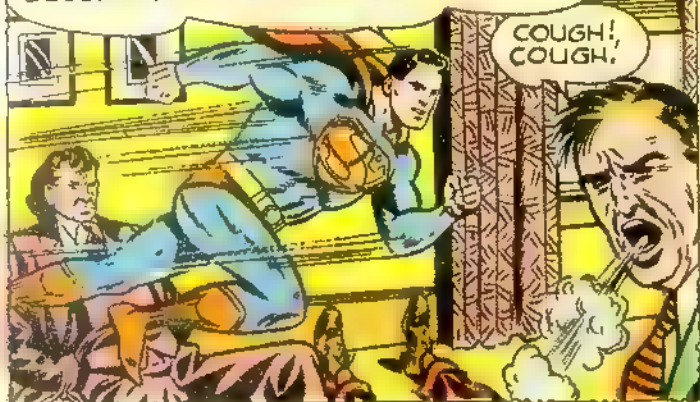
"THEN, AFTER SHUTTING OFF THE CLEANER AND BLOWING THE SMOKE UP THE CHIMNEY TO CLEAR THE ROOM..."

H-HOW'D HE EVER KNOW WE WAS HERE? HE'S A REGULAR SUPERMAN! BLOODHOUND! YOU SAVED ME!

BLOODHOUND, EH? HM...



THESE RATS'LL NEVER TALK-BUT I JUST GOT AN IDEA FOR SMASHING THEIR SYNDICATE FOR GOOD! YOU CAN SEND FOR THE POLICE, MR. WHITE-I'VE GOT A LITTLE **SUPER-BLOODHOUND** WORK TO DO!



COUGH!
COUGH!

"I MOVED SO FAST, IT LOOKED AS IF I'D LEFT THROUGH THE WINDOW. ACTUALLY, I CIRCLED BEHIND ONE OF THOSE DRAPES SO THAT, A MOMENT LATER..."

HM--COME TO THINK OF IT--WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT SALESMAN? COUGH.

HERE I AM, MR. WHITE. AND LISTEN, NOW THAT THE DANGER'S OVER, THERE'S A CERTAIN JOB--



WHY--YOU IDIOT! WHILE **SUPERMAN** WAS SAVING ME FROM THOSE BULLETS, YOU ALMOST MANAGED TO CHOKE ME TO DEATH WITH THAT CLOUD OF SMOKE! GET OUT! AND I HOPE I NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN!



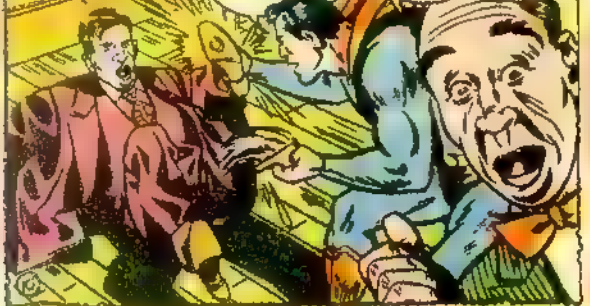
"THAT REPORTER'S JOB SEEMED FARTHER OFF THAN EVER! STILL--MY REAL TASK THEN WAS TO NAB THE HEAD OF THAT SYNDICATE. MY CAREER COULD WAIT! SHORTLY AFTER, IN MY SECRET LABORATORY..."

THAT SYNDICATE'S ENMESHED THE ENTIRE UNDERWORLD, SO EVEN THOUGH NO ONE'LL TALK, I'LL GET THEM TO HELP ME NOSE OUT THE REAL BRAINS IN SPIKE OF THEMSELVES, THANKS TO THESE CHEMICALS!



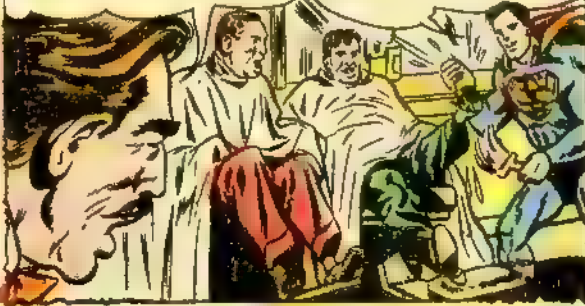
"WITH MY COLLECTION OF TEN DIFFERENT CHEMICALS, I PROCEEDED TO PUT MY SCHEME INTO OPERATION BY RAIDING ALL OF THE LOCAL UNDERWORLD DIVES!"

HEY--WHAT IS THIS? YOU GOT NOTHING ON ME. THEN WHY COMPLAIN? THIS WON'T BOTHER YOU A BIT. IT LOOKS LIKE PLAIN WATER! **SUPERMAN** MUST BE GOING OFFA HIS CHUMP!



"IT TOOK ME SEVERAL HOURS TO COVER THE TOWN. BUT, I PAINTED THE SOLES OF EVERY HOODLUM I FOUND WITH ONE OF THOSE TEN CHEMICALS! I NEVER USED MORE THAN ONE CHEMICAL ON A SINGLE GROUP!"

HEY, **SUPERMAN**--WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? YOU'RE WETTING THE SHOES OF ALL MY CUSTOMERS. YOU CATER TO A PRETTY TOUGH GANG, LOUIE! A LITTLE WATER WON'T HURT THEM!



"ONCE FINISHED, I PERCHED MYSELF ON THE TOWER OF METROPOLIS' TALLEST BUILDING TO AWAIT RESULTS! I KEPT SNIFFING THE AIR CONSTANTLY FOR A SIGN!"

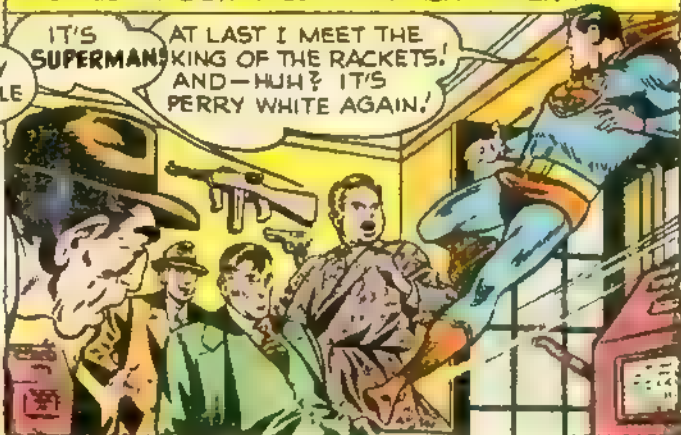
THEY WON'T BE SO PUZZLED WHEN MY SCHEME SUCCEEDS! BUT IT'S CERTAINLY TAKING TIME! I'VE BEEN UP HERE A WHOLE DAY ALREADY AND—HUH? (SNIFF—SNIFF) HM—THAT'S IT!



"AS MY SUPERSENSITIVE NOSTRILS DETECTED THE ACRID ODOR I'D BEEN EXPECTING, I STREAKED AWAY, FOLLOWING THE SCENT TO ITS SOURCE IN A GARISHLY OUTFITTED APARTMENT WHERE ..."

IT'S SUPERMAN!

AT LAST I MEET THE KING OF THE RACKETEERS! AND—HUH? IT'S PERRY WHITE AGAIN!



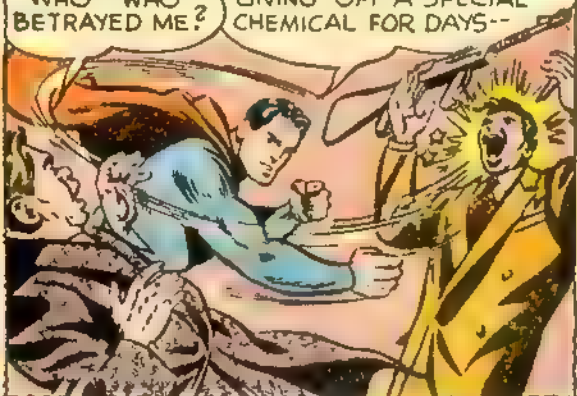
S-STAY AWAY FROM M-ME!

GOOD! THIS'LL SAVE ME THE TROUBLE OF HAVING TO SMASH THOSE ILLEGAL SLOT MACHINES OF YOURS! BUT IF PERRY WHITE IS BADLY HURT--

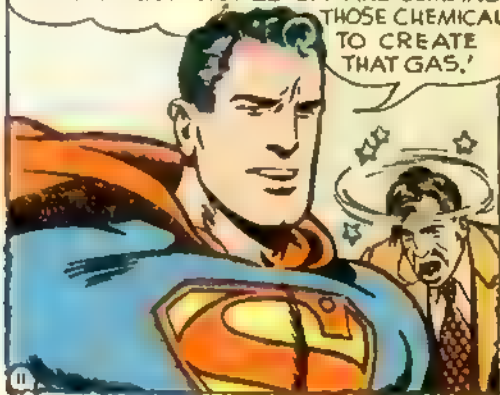


N-NO—HE'S ALL RIGHT. H-HOW DID YOU EVER FIND THIS P-PLACE? WHO--WHO BETRAYED ME?

TEN DIFFERENT LIQUIDS I PAINTED ON THE SOLES OF THE METROPOLIS UNDERWORLD! CAPABLE OF GIVING OFF A SPECIAL CHEMICAL FOR DAYS--



—WHICH, WHEN COMBINED, WOULD FORM A GAS THAT ONLY MY SENSITIVE NOSTRILS COULD DETECT. AS SOON AS ENOUGH OF THOSE HOODLUMS WALKED THROUGH HERE ON SYNDICATE BUSINESS, THEY UNWITTINGLY RUBBED OFF AND COMBINED THOSE CHEMICALS TO CREATE THAT GAS!



"AS FOR PERRY WHITE, HE'D JUST BEEN KNOCKED OUT AND BROUGHT THERE SO THE B.G. BOSS COULD FINISH HIM PERSONALLY. BUT THREE HOURS LATER, WHEN WHITE FINALLY RECOVERED AND STALKED INTO THE DAILY PLANET OFFICE ..."

SOME PAPER I'M RUNNING! WHILE I'M UNCONSCIOUS, EVERY SHEET IN TOWN SCOOPS US ON THIS STORY!

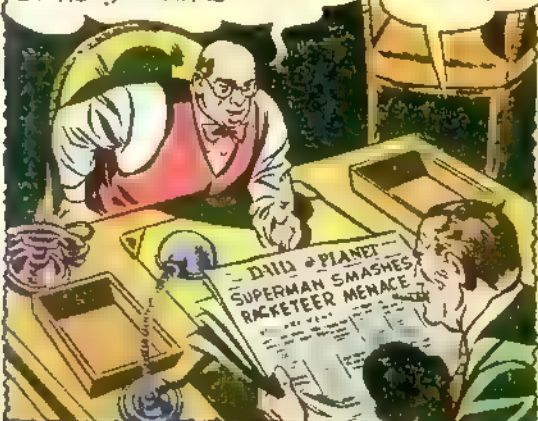
BUT, CHIEF--THOSE PAPERS GOT THAT STORY FROM US!





SEE? WE RAN IT TWO HOURS AGO IN OUR EARLY EDITION! IT'S OLD NEWS AROUND HERE BY NOW, THANKS TO--

HM--BUT WHO'S THIS? WHO'S CLARK KENT?



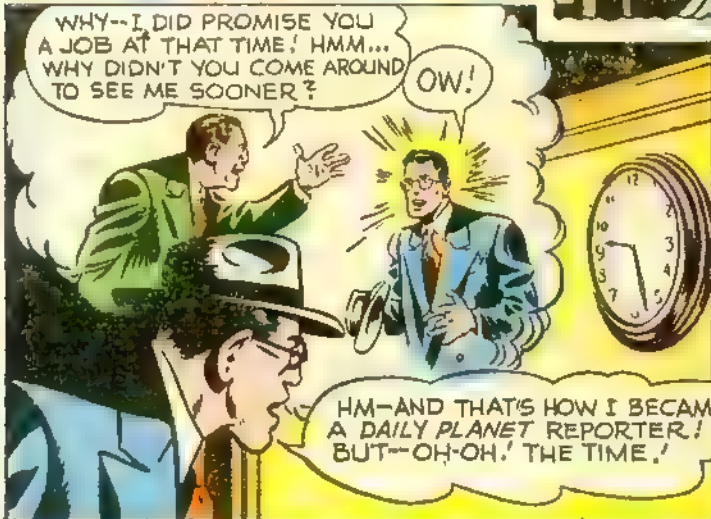
I'M CLARK KENT, I GOT THE STORY FROM SUPERMAN AND SENT IT IN TO THE DAILY PLANET ON MY OWN WHILE YOU WERE RECOVERING. YOU SEE, I ALWAYS WANTED TO WORK FOR YOU AND--

CLARK KENT! NOT THAT LITTLE KID I MET YEARS BACK IN SMALLVILLE?



WHY--I DID PROMISE YOU A JOB AT THAT TIME! HMM... WHY DIDN'T YOU COME AROUND TO SEE ME SOONER?

OW!



HM--AND THAT'S HOW I BECAME A DAILY PLANET REPORTER! BUT--OH-OH! THE TIME!

NOW I'M IN FOR IT! DAY-DREAMING ABOUT THE PAST HAS MADE ME A HALF HOUR LATE AGAIN!

IT'S THE LAST STRAW! WHEN KENT WALKS IN HERE--I'M FIRING HIM! THAT'S FINAL!



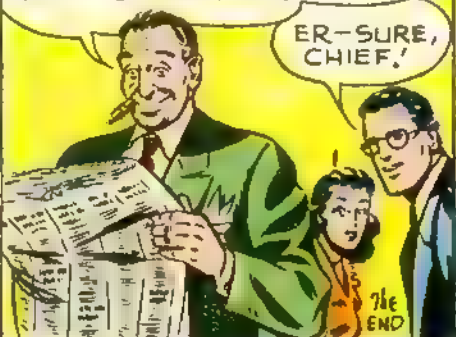
AT LAST! KENT--I'VE HAD ENOUGH--

SORRY, CHIEF--BUT I FOUND THIS OLD DAILY PLANET AND GOT TO REMEMBERING WHAT A TERRIFIC REPORTER YOU WERE IN THE OLD DAYS--SO I JUST KIND OF FORGOT THE TIME...



WELL--ER--YES--I WAS QUITE A REPORTER IN THOSE DAYS, WASN'T I? HM--MOST PEOPLE DON'T SEEM TO REMEMBER IT! HM--WELL--BETTER GET TO WORK, CLARK--AND TOMORROW--GET HERE ON TIME--UNDERSTAND?

ER--SURE, CHIEF!



THE END

AND FOR THE COMPLETE STORY OF SUPERMAN, SEE "SUPERBOY HUNTS FOR A JOB" IN ADVENTURE COMICS, NOW ON SALE

Pee Wee

REESE

CHAMPION SHORTSTOP OF
THE BROOKLYN DODGERS



KINGPIN OF DODGER
INFIELD, REESE MAKES
"IMPOSSIBLE" PLAYS LOOK
EASY. NAMED SHORTSTOP
ON NATIONAL LEAGUE
ALL-STAR TEAM 4 TIMES.

LITTLE PEE WEE IS AT HIS BEST WHEN
THE CHIPS ARE DOWN. SWUNG BIG
BAT LAST SEASON DURING DODGERS'
PENNANT DRIVE. HIS 171 HITS FROM
LEADOFF SPOT INCLUDED 16 HOME
RUNS - PRODUCED 73 R.B.I.'S. ALSO
BATTED .316 IN '49 WORLD SERIES!

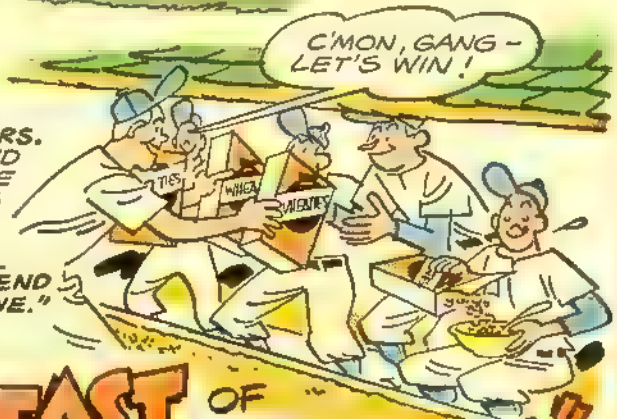
A TEN-YEAR BIG LEAGUE VETERAN,
REESE IS FIELD CAPTAIN OF DODGERS.
"WHEATIES, WITH MILK OR CREAM AND
FRUIT, IS MY FAVORITE
TRAINING DISH. IT'S
EASY TO DIGEST,
NOURISHING - AND
LOADED WITH SWELL
FLAVOR. I'D RECOMMEND
WHEATIES TO ANYONE."

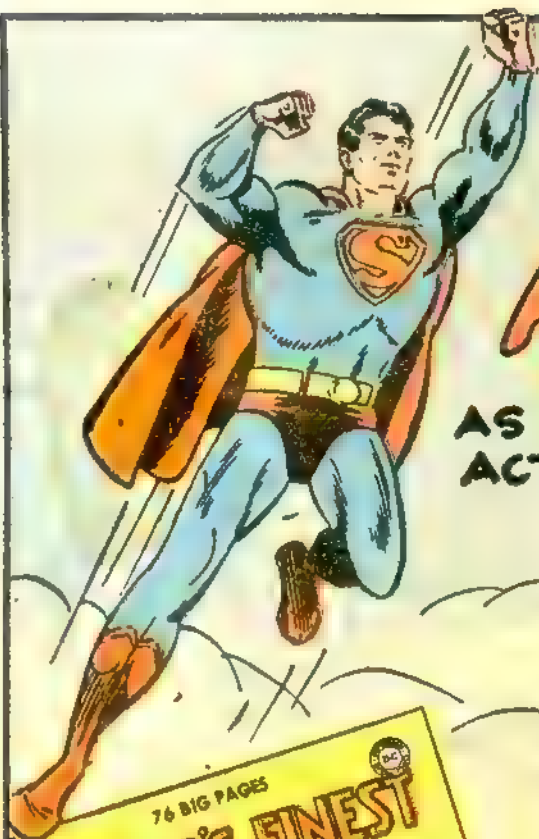
WHEATIES

"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

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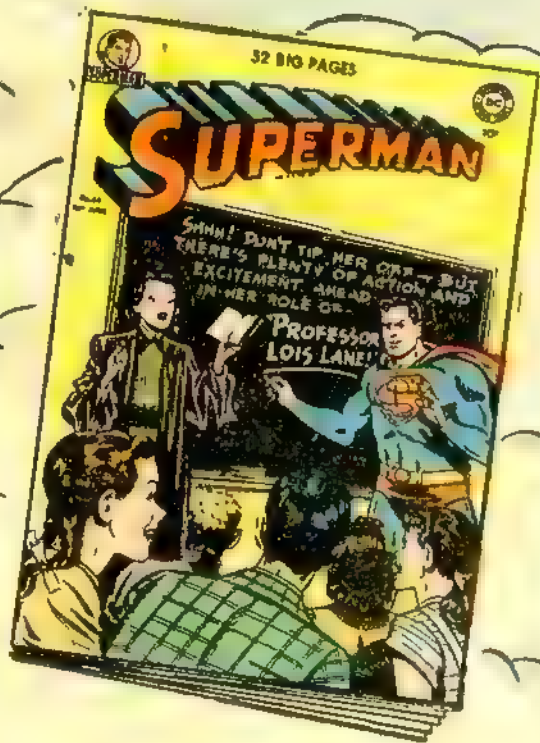
WITH MILK AND FRUIT



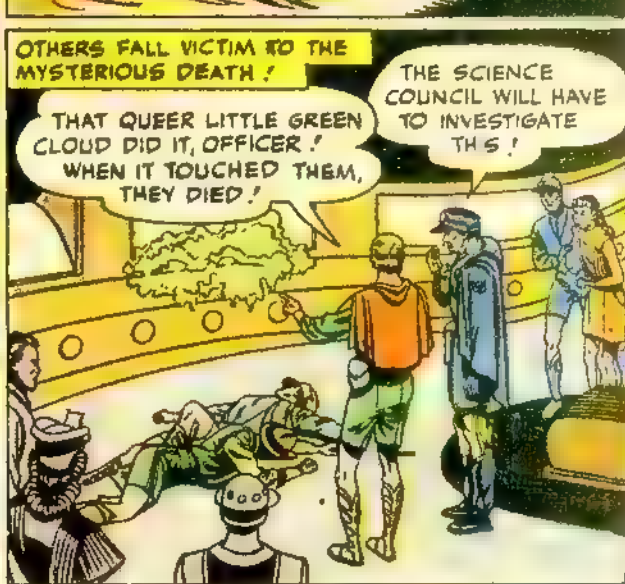
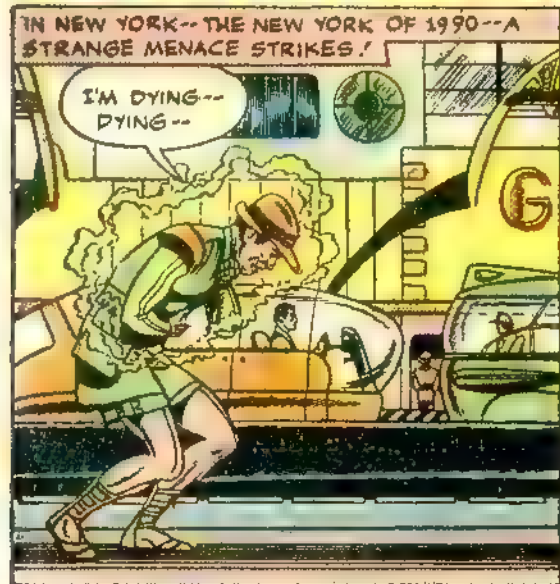
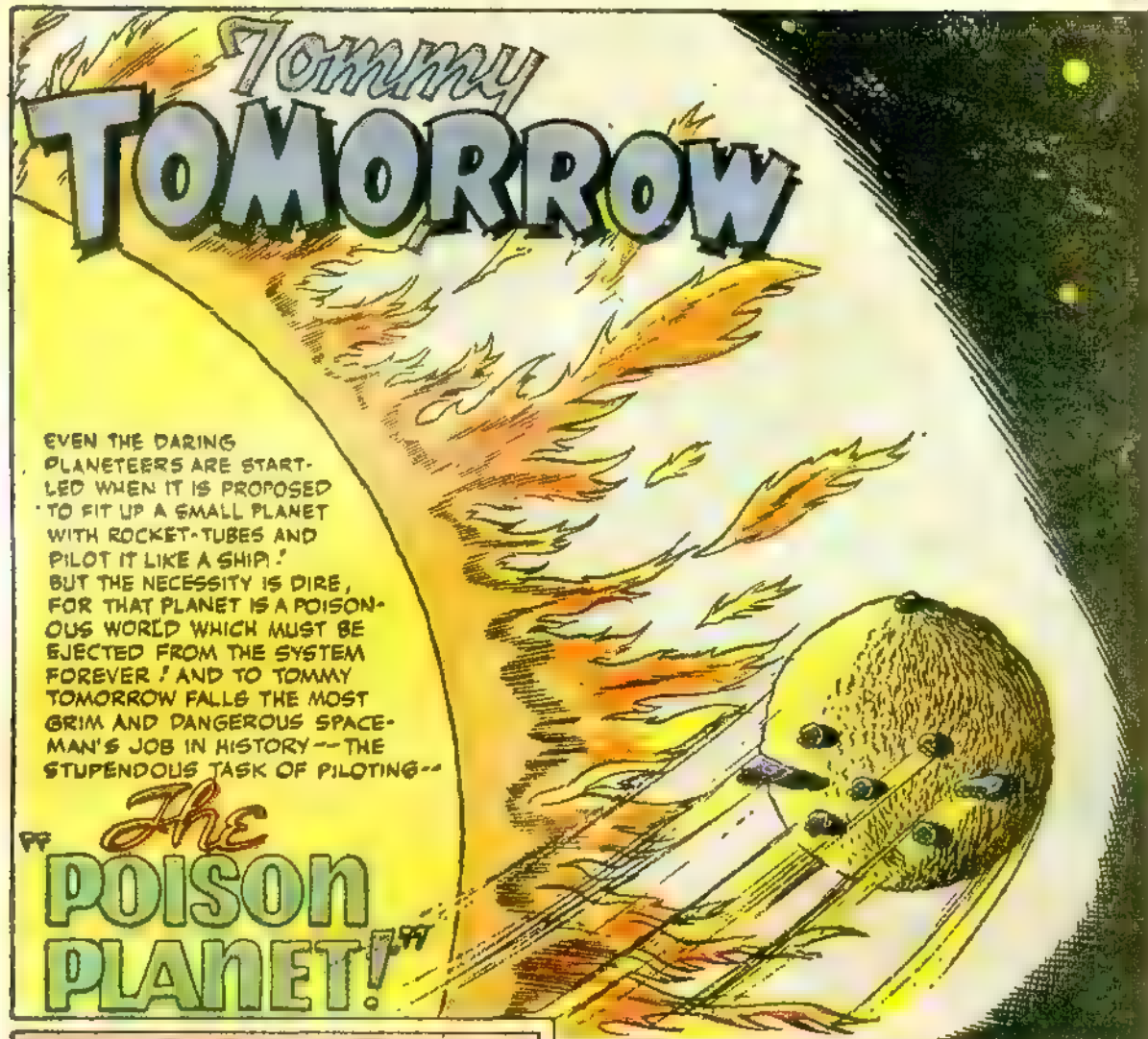


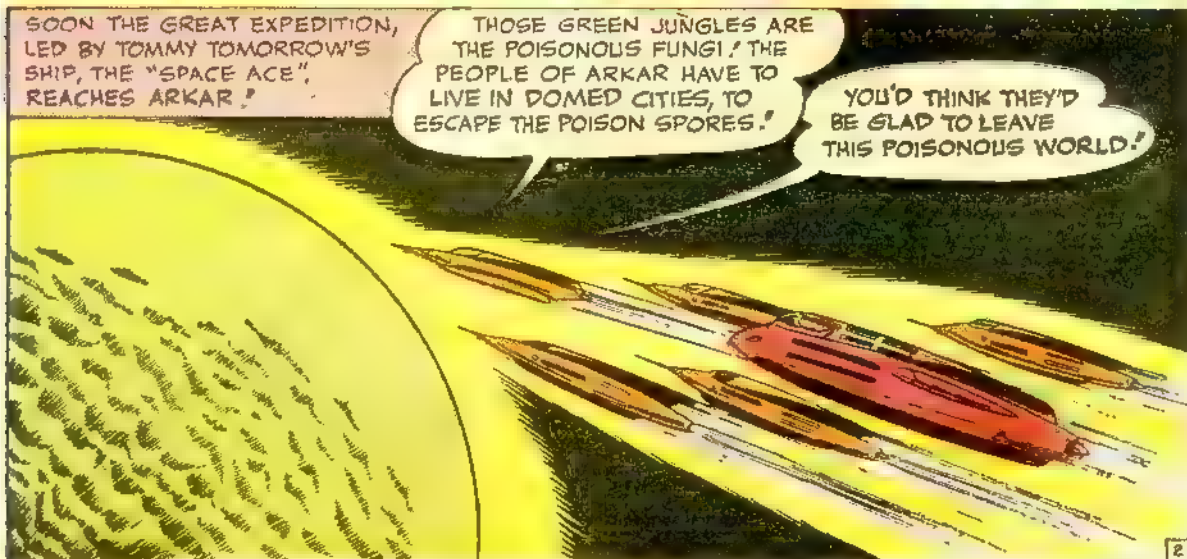
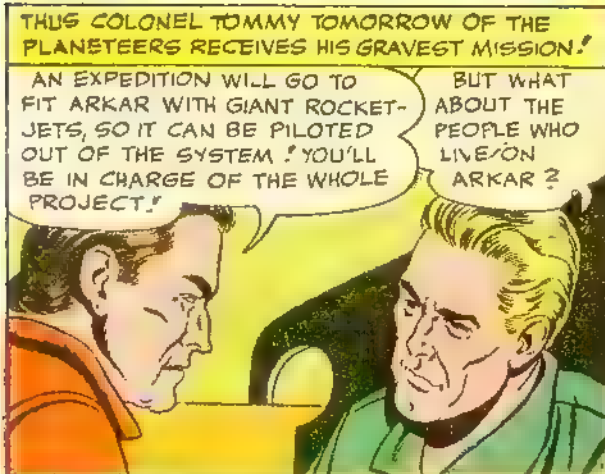
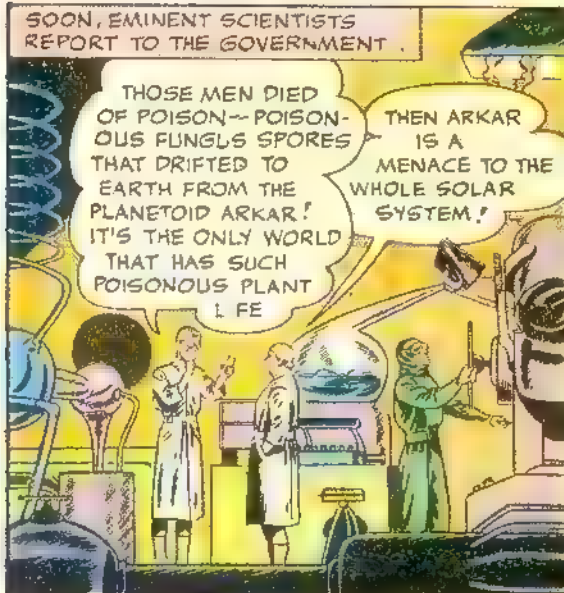
**UP, UP
AND AWAY!**
with

THE MAN OF STEEL
AS HE SOARS INTO THRILLING
ACTION IN EVERY ISSUE
OF —

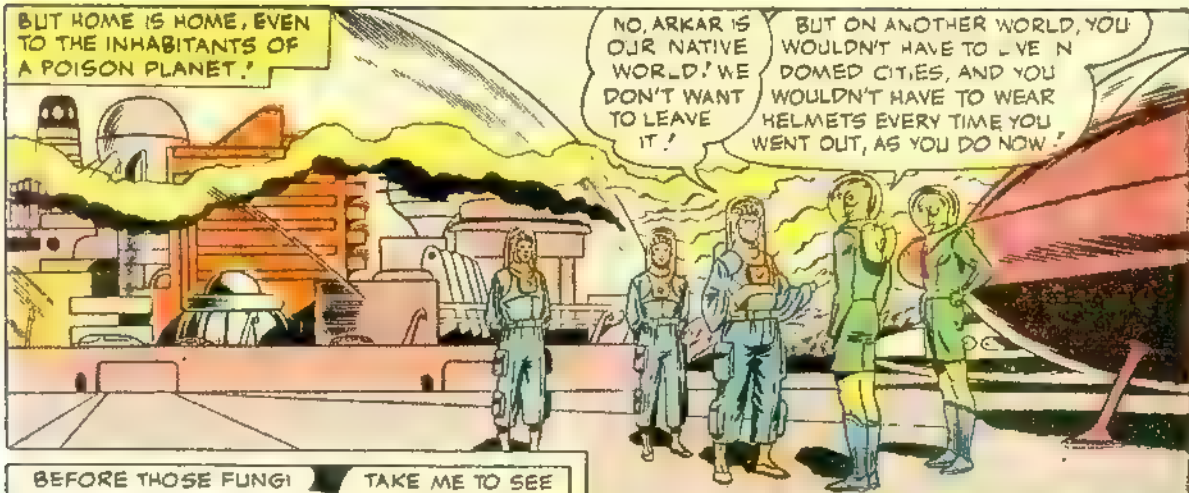


ON SALE EVERYWHERE!





BUT HOME IS HOME, EVEN TO THE INHABITANTS OF A POISON PLANET.



NO, ARKAR IS OUR NATIVE WORLD! WE DON'T WANT TO LEAVE IT!

BUT ON ANOTHER WORLD, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO LIVE IN DOMED CITIES, AND YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO WEAR HELMETS EVERY TIME YOU WENT OUT, AS YOU DO NOW.

BEFORE THOSE FUNGI GREW, THERE WAS NO POISON HERE. IF DOCTOR LON NORDEN, OUR GREAT SCIENTIST, SUCCEEDS IN HIS EXPERIMENT, THE POISON FUNGI WILL DISAPPEAR.

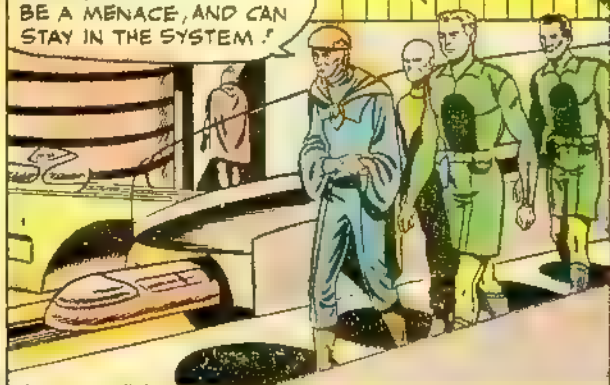
TAKE ME TO SEE THIS DOCTOR NORDEN!



SOON, IN THE DOMED CITY...

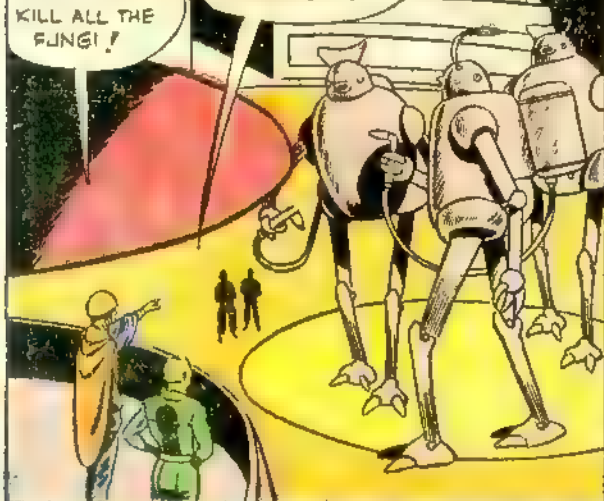
PLEASE DELAY THE EVACUATION—MY SCHEME TO DESTROY ALL THE POISON FUNGI IS ALMOST READY. IF I DESTROY THEM, ARKAR WILL NOT BE A MENACE, AND CAN STAY IN THE SYSTEM.

WHAT'S YOUR PLAN, DOCTOR NORDEN?



THESE MECHANICAL GIANT ROBOTS WILL SPRAY ACID THAT WILL KILL ALL THE FUNGI!

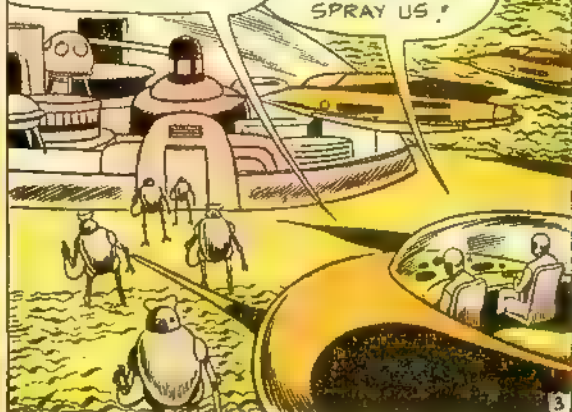
I'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO TRY IT. IF IT SUCCEEDS, THE GOVERNMENT WILL REVERSE ITS DECISION.



NEXT DAY, THE GREAT ROBOTS WHICH ARE THE ARKARIANS' LAST HOPE MARCH FORTH.

THERE COME THE ROBOTS TO SPRAY ACID ON THE FUNGI!

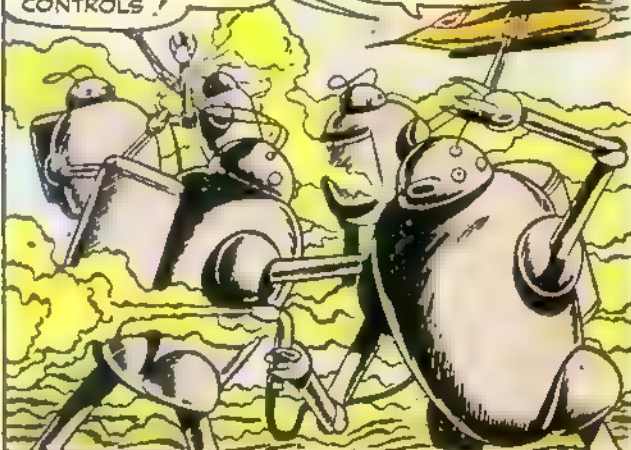
GOOD THING WE BROUGHT THE SHIPS UP HERE, OR THEY'D SPRAY US!



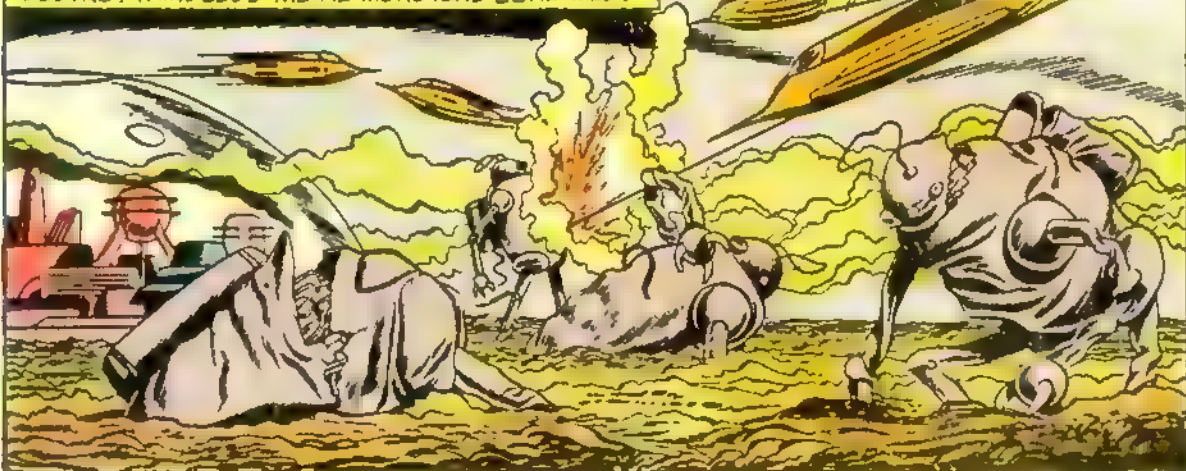
BUT THE GREAT ACID-SPRAYING ROBOTS
SUDDENLY GO OUT OF CONTROL!

THEY'RE RUNNING WILD!
THE ACID SPRAY MUST
HAVE GOT INTO THEIR WIRING
AND WRECKED THE R
CONTROLS!

THEY'LL SPRAY ACID
ON THE CITY DOME,
AND KILL ALL THE
PEOPLE INSIDE!



TOMMY TOMORROW'S FAMOUS SHIP STRUGGLES TO
DESTROY MINDLESS METAL MONSTERS GONE WILD!



TURN OUR
ATOM-GUNS ON
THE ROBOTS--IT'S
THE ONLY WAY
THEY CAN BE
STOPPED NOW!

READY--
FIRE!

THAT'S THE
LAST OF
THEM!

AND IT'S ALSO THE LAST
HOPE OF THE ARKARIANS TO
AVOID EVACUATION! THEY'LL
HAVE TO MOVE, NOW!

SOON, A VAIN PLEA...

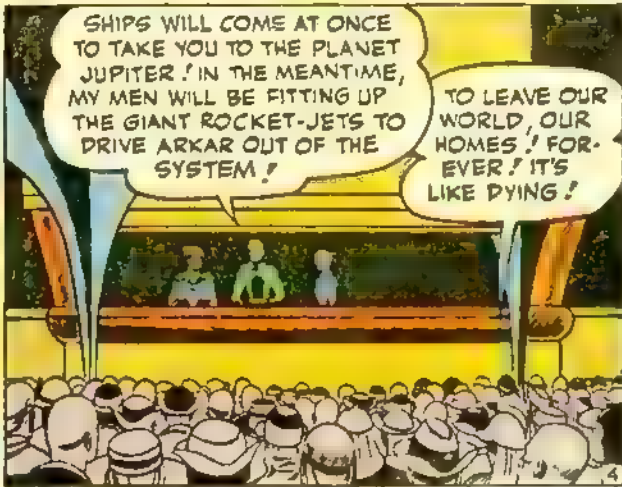
I'LL FIND SOME OTHER
WAY TO DESTROY THE
FUNGUS, IF YOU GIVE ME
A LITTLE MORE TIME!

NO, I HAVE MY
ORDERS TO CARRY
OUT! YOU PEOPLE
MUST PREPARE TO
EVACUATE ARKAR!



SHIPS WILL COME AT ONCE
TO TAKE YOU TO THE PLANET
JUPITER! IN THE MEANTIME,
MY MEN WILL BE FITTING UP
THE GIANT ROCKET-JETS TO
DRIVE ARKAR OUT OF THE
SYSTEM!

TO LEAVE OUR
WORLD, OUR
HOMES! FOR-
EVER! IT'S
LIKE DYING!



WORKING AT HIGH SPEED, PLANETEER'S CORPS OF ENGINEERS BEGIN CONSTRUCTING THE MIGHTY ROCKET-JETS THAT WILL PROPEL A WORLD!

COLONEL TOMORROW, ROCKET-TUBE NUMBER ONE IS NOW IN PLACE!

GOOD! BUT TO MOVE THIS PLANETOID WILL REQUIRE MANY SUCH TUBES AND TREMENDOUS POWER!

THE MASSIVE ATOMIC MACHINERY TO FURNISH THAT POWER IS DEEP UNDERGROUND!

THESE SHOULD FURNISH ENOUGH ATOMIC POWER FOR THE ROCKETS!

I WANT THIS CONTROL-CENTER HEAT-PROOFED!

AN EXCELLENT PRECAUTION, SIR. THERE MAY BE HEAT FROM THE GREAT ROCKET'S BACK BLAST!

SOON...

THAT CONTROL-CENTER IS SET UP ON THE NORTH POLE OF ARKAR!

THE ROCKET-TUBES ARE ALL IN PLACE!

NOW TO SET UP THE CONTROL-CENTER THAT WILL OPERATE THEM!

FINALLY...

THE ROCKET-DRIVE IS ALL READY TO USE, SIR!

AND HERE COME THE SHIPS TO EVACUATE THE ARKANS!

SADLY, THE INHABITANTS OF A WORLD PREPARE TO LEAVE FOREVER!

CAN'T YOU GIVE US ONE MORE CHANCE?

I'M AFRAID NOT!



BUT LOOK AT THESE PEOPLE ~ THEY'D RATHER DIE THAN LEAVE!

WHEN WILL WE BE COMING BACK HOME, DADDY?

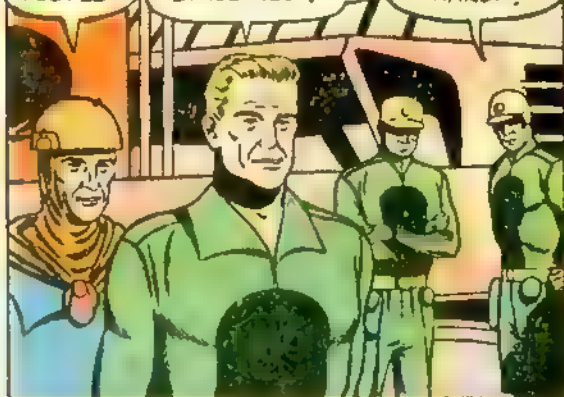
NEVER-- OUR WORLD IS TO BE HURLED AWAY, NEVER TO RETURN!



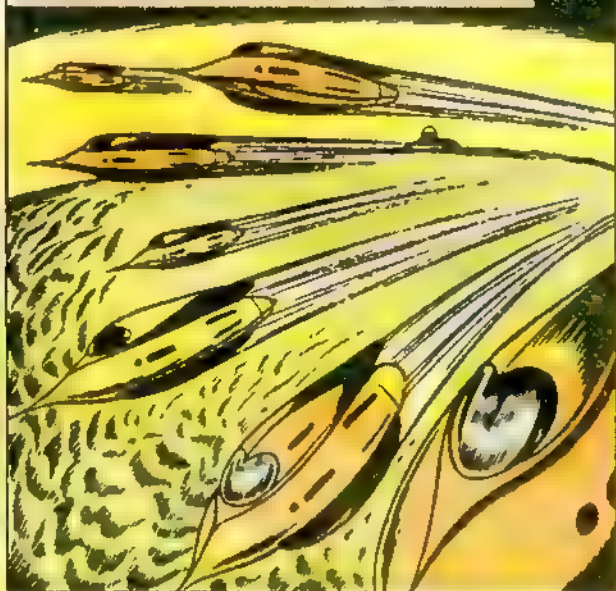
HAVEN'T YOU ANY PITY FOR THESE PEOPLE?

YES, I HAVE-- BUT FOR WHAT I'M GOING TO DO, ARKAR MUST BE COMPLETELY EVACUATED!

IT ISN'T LIKE COLONEL TOMORROW TO BE SO HARSH!



AS THE FLEET OF SHIPS RISE FROM ARKAR..



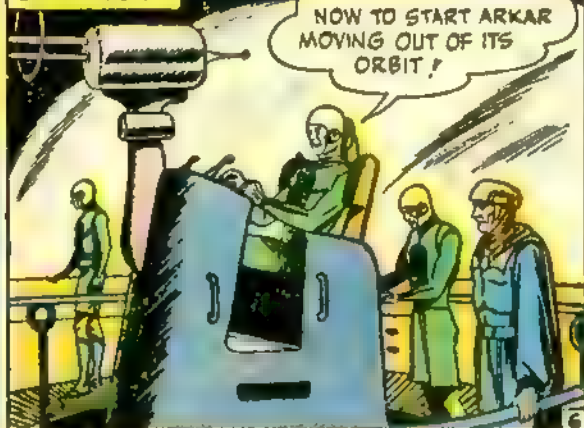
...THE PEOPLE UPON THEM TAKE THEIR LAST LOOK AT THEIR NATIVE WORLD!



GOOD BYE, ARKAR!

THEN, IN THE NORTH POLE CONTROL-CENTER, TOMMY TOMORROW OPENS THE ROCKET-SWITCHES!

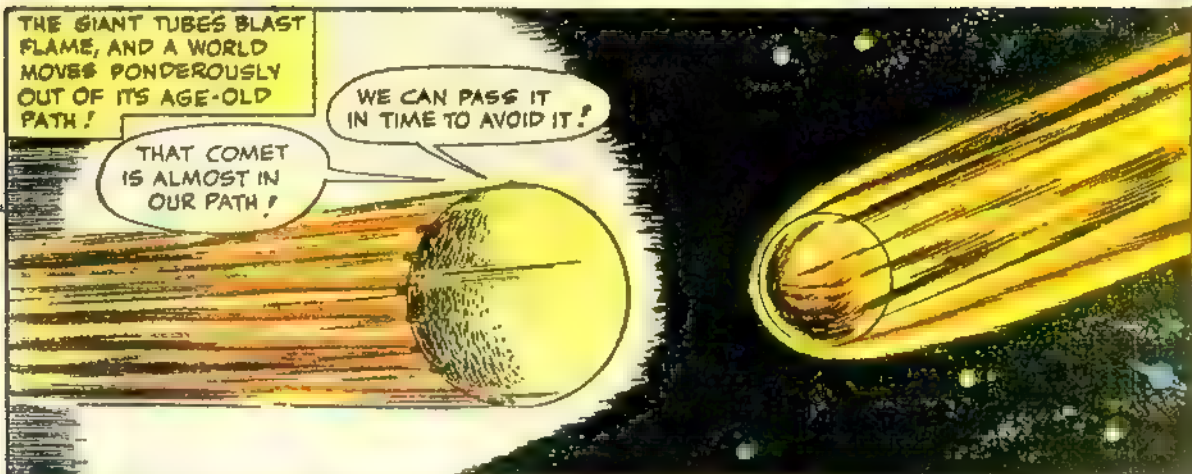
NOW TO START ARKAR MOVING OUT OF ITS ORBIT!



THE GIANT TUBES BLAST FLAME, AND A WORLD MOVES PONDEROUSLY OUT OF ITS AGE-OLD PATH!

WE CAN PASS IT IN TIME TO AVOID IT!

THAT COMET IS ALMOST IN OUR PATH!

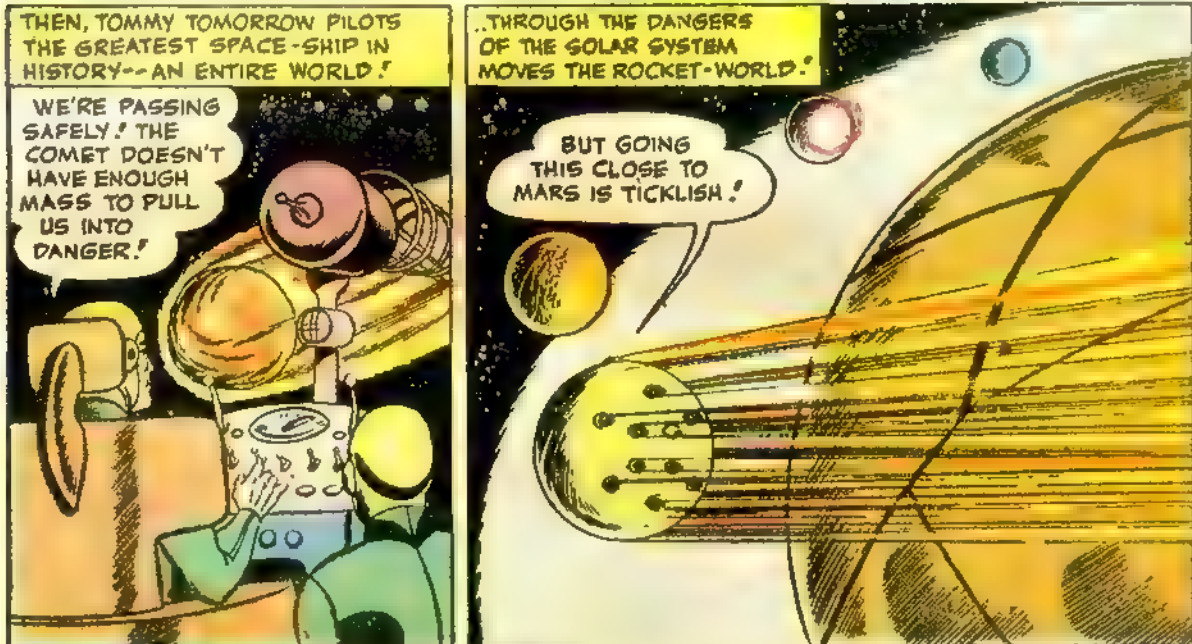


THEN, TOMMY TOMORROW PILOTS THE GREATEST SPACE-SHIP IN HISTORY--AN ENTIRE WORLD!

...THROUGH THE DANGERS OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM MOVES THE ROCKET-WORLD!

WE'RE PASSING SAFELY! THE COMET DOESN'T HAVE ENOUGH MASS TO PULL US INTO DANGER!

BUT GOING THIS CLOSE TO MARS IS TICKLISH!



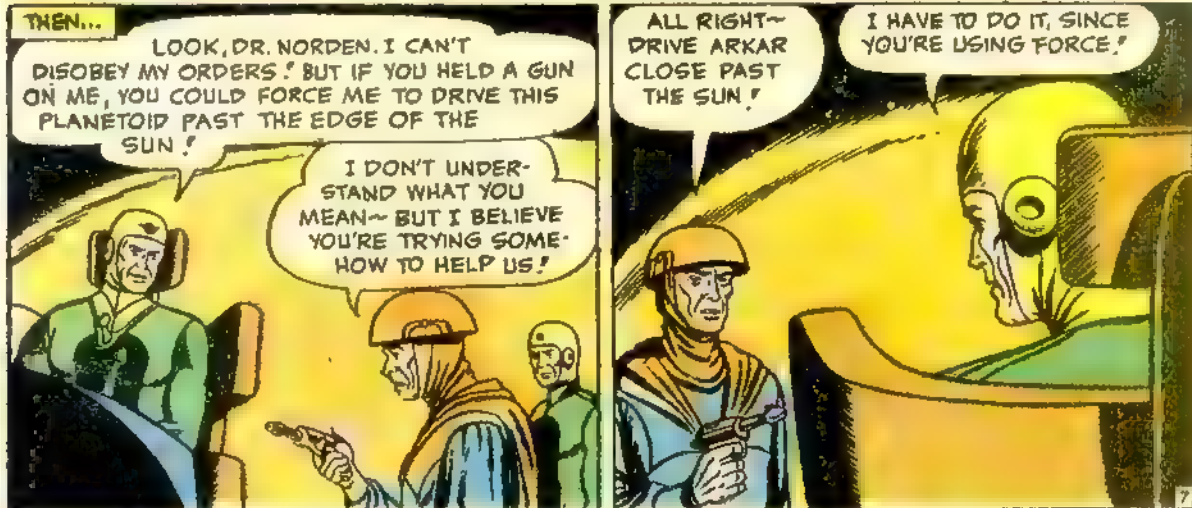
THEN...

LOOK, DR. NORDEN. I CAN'T DISOBEY MY ORDERS! BUT IF YOU HELD A GUN ON ME, YOU COULD FORCE ME TO DRIVE THIS PLANETOID PAST THE EDGE OF THE SUN!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU MEAN~ BUT I BELIEVE YOU'RE TRYING SOMEHOW TO HELP US!

ALL RIGHT~ DRIVE ARKAR CLOSE PAST THE SUN!

I HAVE TO DO IT, SINCE YOU'RE USING FORCE!



TOMMY PILOTS THE LITTLE WORLD IN CLOSE TO THE MIGHTY, FIERY ORB OF THE SUN.

WE'RE ALMOST IN THE SUN'S CORONA! THE HEAT HERE IS AWFUL!

THAT'S WHY I WANTED THIS CONTROL BUILDING HEAT-PROOFED, AND THE PEOPLE EVACUATED!

THE BLAZING INFERNO OF HEAT RADIATED BY THE SUN HAS A DEVASTATING EFFECT..

IT'S GETTING OVERPOWERINGLY HOT EVEN IN THIS HEAT-PROOFED BUILDING!

WE'LL ALL PERISH FROM THE HEAT!

BUT AS A RESULT OF THE FIERCE HEAT, THE POISONOUS FUNGI FORESTS OF ARKAR SCORCH AND DIE!

LOOK, IT'S SO HOT EVEN THE FUNGI ARE DYING!

THEN IT'S TIME FOR ME TO PILOT THE PLANETOID BACK AWAY FROM THE SUN!

SOON...

YOU BURNED OUT THE POISON FUNGI COMPLETELY BY PASSING SO CLOSE TO THE SUN! YOU TOOK A DARING CHANCE - BUT IT WORKED!

AND THAT MEANS THE GOVERNMENT WILL CHANGE ITS DECISION--ARKAR WON'T HAVE TO BE EJECTED FROM THE SYSTEM NOW!

LATER, WITH ARKAR BACK IN ITS OLD ORBIT, ITS PEOPLE JOYOUSLY RETURN!

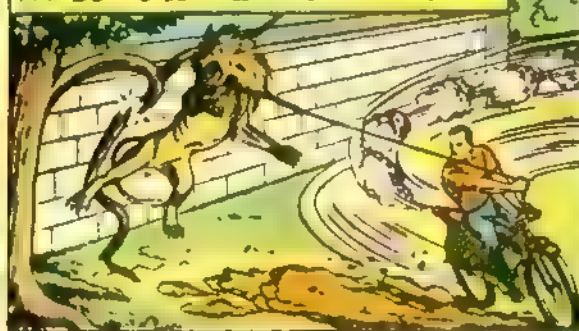
COLONEL TOMORROW SAVED ARKAR.. AND WE NOW CAN LIVE ON IT SAFELY, THANKS TO WHAT HE DID!

I ONLY DID IT BECAUSE YOU "FORCED" ME TO-- REMEMBER?

The End

"U.S. ROYAL"WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE**"LASSOING
THE LION"**CIRCUS-TIME
AGAIN, FELLAS!
LOOK AT THE
SIZE OF THAT
ELEPHANT!I'M GLAD THOSE
BARS ARE BETWEEN
ME AND THAT LION
THERE... HE SURE IS
HUNGRY-LOOKING!DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE
BIKE CLUB BOYS ARE ABOUT
TO MOVE ON, WHEN SUDDENLY...GET THE TRAINER...
THEN FOLLOW ME, BOYS!ROYAL JETS OFF AFTER
THE ESCAPED LION...HE'S HEADING FOR THE
ORPHANAGE WALL! GOTTA
HEAD HIM OFF BEFORE
HE GETS INSIDE!

THE HUNGRY BEAST CROAKS FOR THE SPRING!

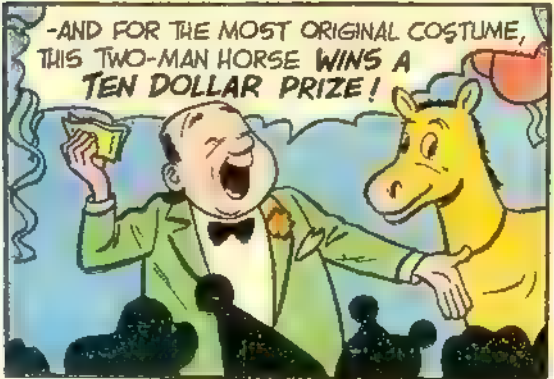
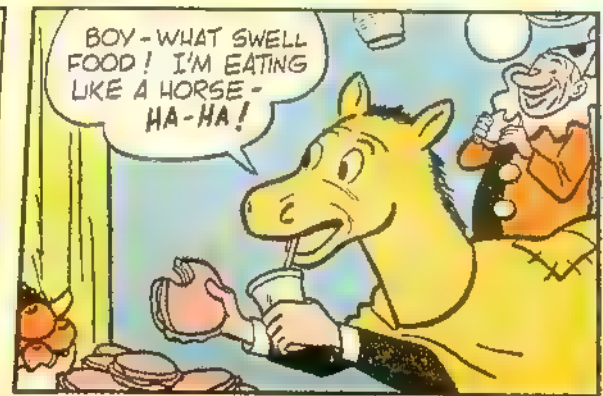
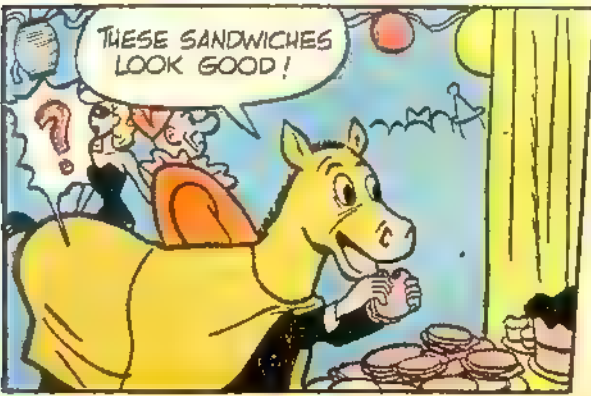
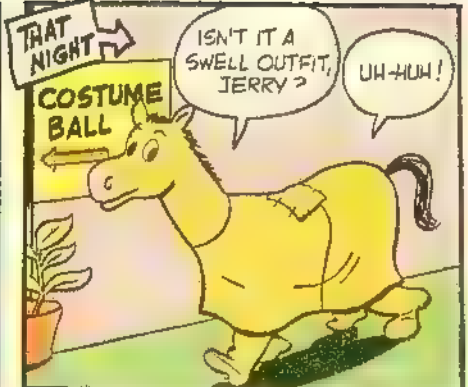
... BUT ROYAL'S LASSO HITS ITS MARK AND
MR LION IS LEFT CLAWING THE AIR!

AND SOON...

I SHUDDER TO THINK
WHAT MIGHT HAVE
HAPPENED IF YOU
HADN'T GOTTEN TO
THAT LION
IN TIME!I'M MIGHTY GLAD
I WAS RIDING ON
U.S. ROYALS... THEY
ALWAYS SAVE TIME!AND THIS
TIME THEY
SAVED LIVES!BOYS, WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S.
ROYAL BIKE TIRES, YOU CAN BE
SURE YOUR WHEELS ARE EQUIPPED
FOR **SPEED PLUS SAFETY!** DON'T
TAKE CHANCES... GET THE TIRE
WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN!'AT TOP SPEED, WHEN TOP CONTROL
COUNTS, YOU CAN COUNT ON U.S.
ROYALS, WITH THEIR BUILT-IN SKID
CHAIN!'... SAYS U.S. ROYALIF YOU WANT TO GET THE MOST WEAR
OUT OF A TIRE, GET THE TIRE WITH
THE MOST WEAR BUILT INTO IT... GET
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THAT
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN**U.S. ROYAL
BIKE TIRES**Products of
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

JERRY

THE JITTERBUG



SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Saturn No. 5)

ITS'Y KTWLJY YMFY YMJ
FSHJXYTWX TK FQQ TK
ZX BJWJ TSHJ NRRNLWFS-
YX.

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

MAY

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME AGE

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

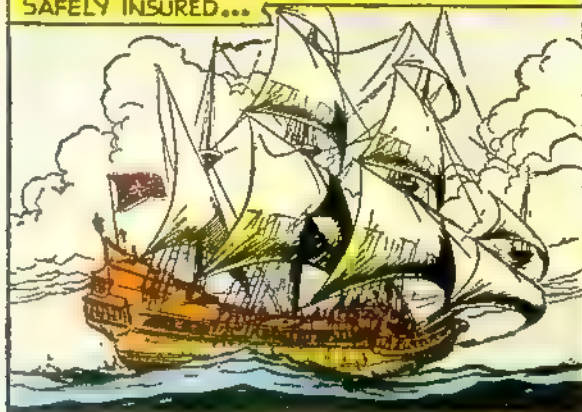
CONGO BILL

GOLD PLUS GREED REACH ACROSS THE CENTURIES TO SEND CONGO BILL, TROUBLE SHOOTER FOR THE WORLD WIDE INSURANCE COMPANY, SAILING INTO WHAT WAS ONCE THE SPANISH MAIN, AND WHAT IS NOW THE SCENE OF A DEADLY DUEL BETWEEN CONGO AND THE MEN WHO WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO GET...

"DEAD MAN'S GOLD!"



IN 1687, THE GOLDEN HAWK SAILED FROM PORT ROYAL, JAMAICA, BOUND FOR LONDON. ITS HOLD WAS HEAPED HIGH WITH GOLDEN INGOTS, SAFELY INSURED...



SOMEWHERE OFF THE COAST OF THE CAICOS ISLANDS, TWO SPANISH GALLEONS SIGHTED HER AND ATTACKED. THE GOLDEN HAWK SETTLED TO THE BOTTOM WITH ALL HANDS...



TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY-TWO YEARS LATER, IN AN OLD ENGLISH TOWN HOUSE, SIR ABEL TRENT UNEARTHS A LONG-LOST COFFER...

SHADES OF MY ANCESTOR, SIR DESMOND! A POLICY OF HIS, INSURING THE GOLD CARGO OF THE GOLDEN HAWK. WHY-THIS IS WORTH A FORTUNE. THE GOLDEN HAWK WAS LOST AT SEA!



HMM... AT SIX PERCENT INTEREST, COMPOUNDED, WORLD WIDE MUST OWE ME ALL THE MONEY IN GREAT BRITAIN! AND SINCE THE POLICY HAS NO TIME LIMIT--THEY WILL HAVE TO PAY!



SOME WEEKS LATER, AFTER A KING'S BENCH COURT HAS RULED THE POLICY VALID...

WE'LL HAVE TO LAY OUT \$20,000,000, CONGO BILL... ENOUGH TO BANKRUPT US! THE OLD POLICY IS RECORDED ON OUR BOOKS, AND QUITE LEGAL!

BUT YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO IF THE GOLD WAS RECOVERED! WHY NOT FIT OUT AN EXPEDITION? I'LL ACCOMPANY IT!



LATER, AFTER CONGO BILL'S SUGGESTION HAS BEEN ACCEPTED, SIR ABEL TRENT MEETS PRIVATELY WITH A SHIP'S CAPTAIN IN A FLEET STREET TAVERN...

I KNOW YOU'RE AN HONEST MAN, CAPTAIN! CAVE, BUT YOU NEEDN'T BE A STUPID ONE! SMASH THOSE INSTRUMENTS THAT ARE SUPPOSED TO DETECT METAL UNDERSEA! IF GOLD SHOULD BE FOUND, KEEP IT YOURSELF! DON'T COME BACK WITH IT--AND YOU CAN EARN--ONE MILLION DOLLARS!

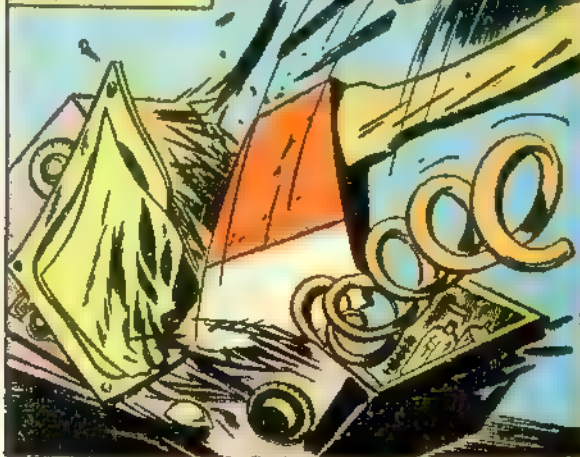


HMM! WHATEVER I AM, I'M NOT STUPID. I'LL NEVER MAKE THAT MONEY THE REST OF MY LIFE. IT'S WORTH A RISK. I'M YOUR MAN, SIR ABEL. HERE'S TO THE SUCCESS OF OUR LITTLE VENTURE!

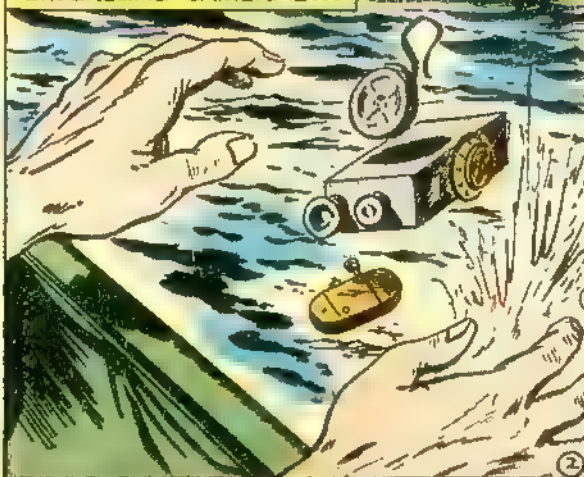
I'LL DRINK TO THAT!



ON THE HIGH SEAS, THREE DAYS OUT OF THE THAMES, AN AXE DESCENDS ON THE RADAR EQUIPMENT...



...POWERFUL HANDS HURL OVERBOARD THE UNDERSEAS CAMERAS...



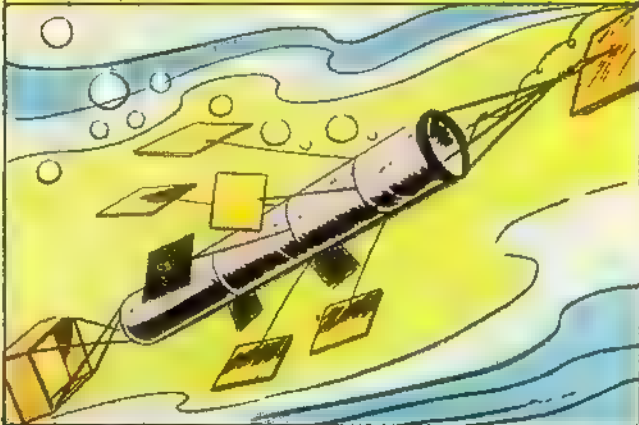
IN CARIBBEAN WATERS, SOME DAYS LATER...

WE'RE RIGHT ON THE ROUTE OF THE GOLDEN HAWK, BUT 'TWO'N'T DO US ANY GOOD. WITHOUT INSTRUMENTS, WE'LL NEVER LOCATE THE SHIP. AND WE HAVE NO TIME TO MAKE PORT FOR MORE.

OH, I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT, CAPTAIN!



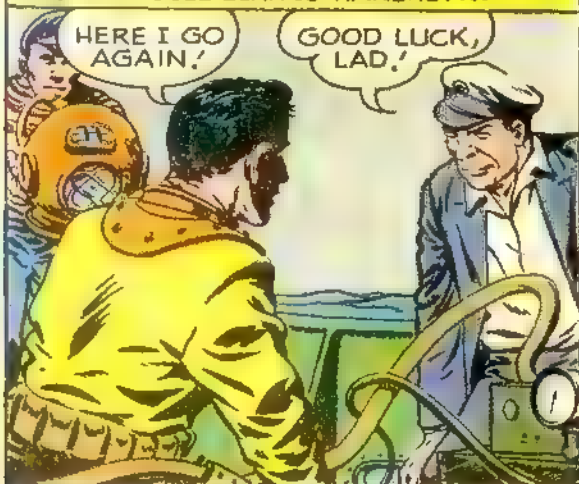
WITH A METAL PIPE, SOME CABLE AND ELECTRIC WIRE, CONGO BILL RIGS A METAL DETECTOR THAT SWEEPS THE WATER. WHEN CONTACT IS MADE, A DECK BELL RINGS...



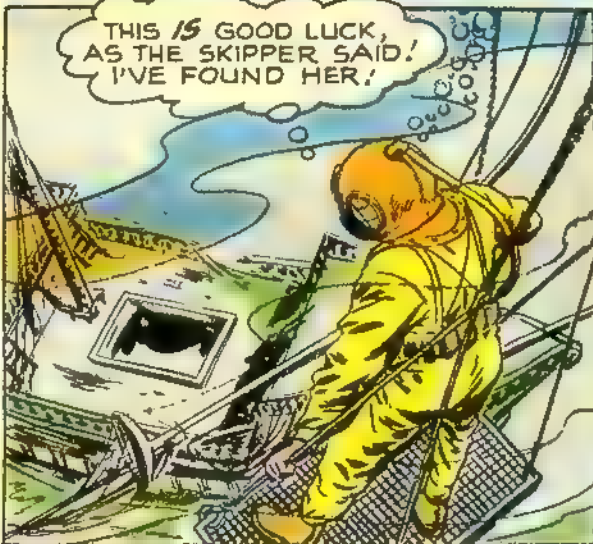
AFTER SIX FALSE ALARMS, ONE AFTERNOON THE DECK BELL CLANGS HARSHLY...

HERE I GO AGAIN!

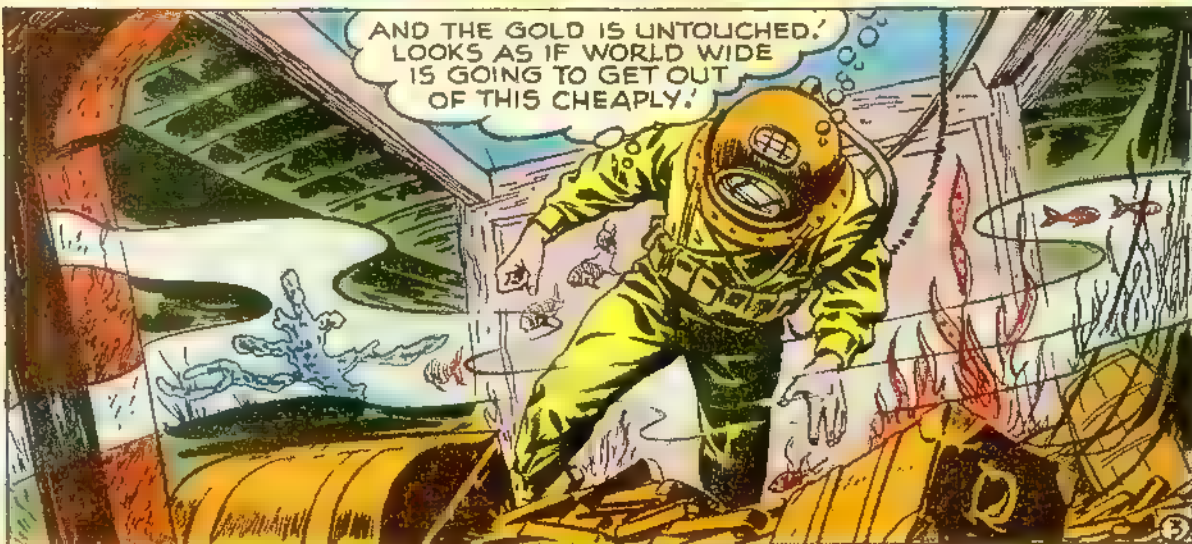
GOOD LUCK, LAD!



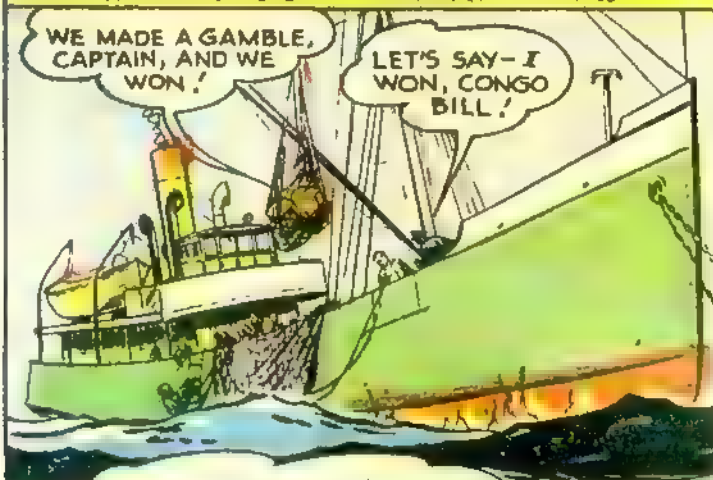
THIS IS GOOD LUCK, AS THE SKIPPER SAID! I'VE FOUND HER!



AND THE GOLD IS UNTOUCHED! LOOKS AS IF WORLD WIDE IS GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS CHEAPLY!



DAY AFTER DAY, THE DIVERS GO BELOW. POWERFUL WINCHES DRAG ROTTING CHESTS TO THE DECK... THEN...



WE MADE A GAMBLE, CAPTAIN, AND WE WON!

LET'S SAY—I WON, CONGO BILL!

GET BELOW DECK, SIR. I DON'T WANT TO SHOOT, BUT I *WILL* IF YOU SHOW FIGHT.

ARE YOU MAD? YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS! THESE DIVERS... CREWMEN...



ARE ALL IN MY PAY! I HAND-PICKED EVERY LAST ONE OF 'EM. THERE'S ENOUGH GOLD HERE TO MAKE US ALL RICH! YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE I COULDN'T DISMISS OR BRIBE. SO— YOU'LL BE SET ASHORE!



HOWEVER, IT WON'T BE AN INHABITED ISLAND, BUT ONE OF THE CAICOS GROUP. YOU MAY BE PICKED UP BEFORE YOU STARVE ... AND THEN AGAIN YOU MAY NOT...



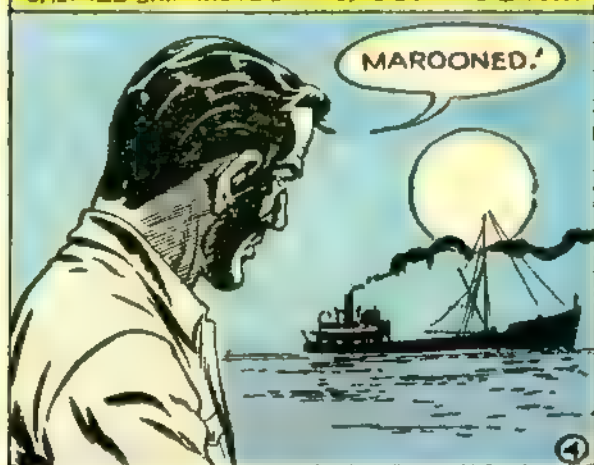
THAT NIGHT, A BOAT IS LOWERED OVERSIDE AND CONGO BILL IS ROWED TOWARD A DISTANT SHORELINE...

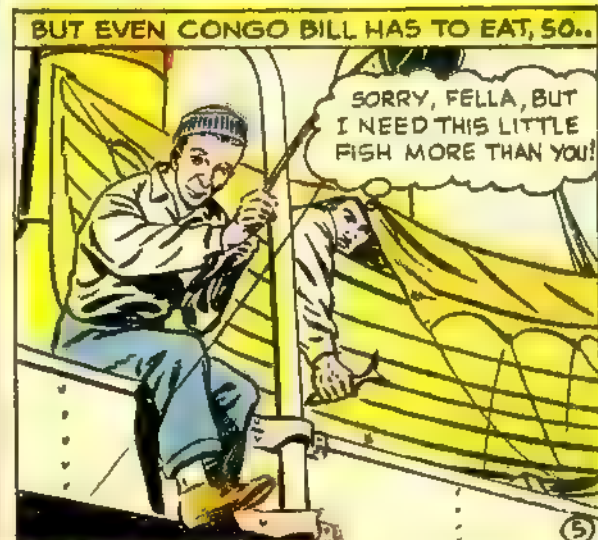
I'LL LEAVE YOU A BARREL OF WATER, SOME MEAT AND HARDTACK. AFTER THAT'S GONE — YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN.

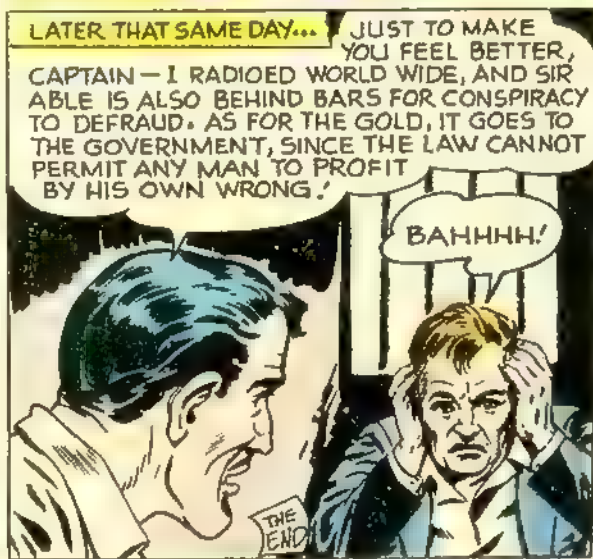
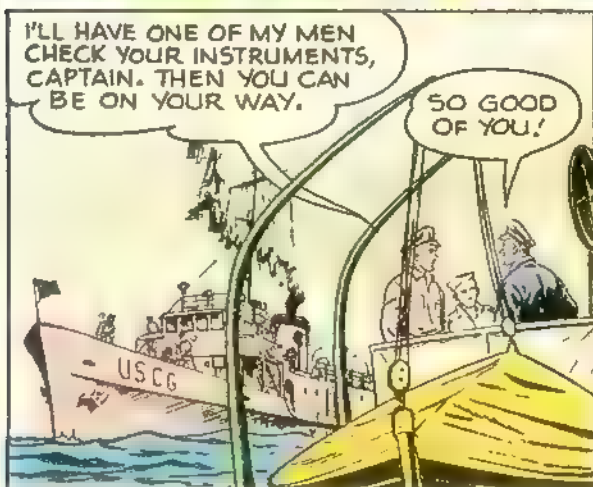
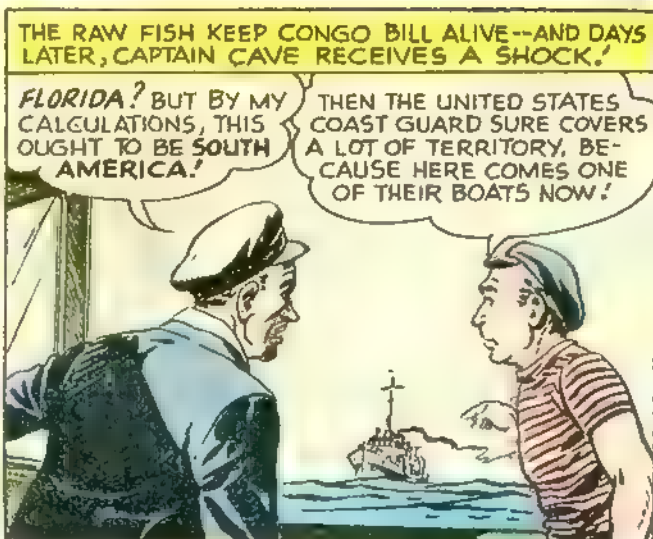
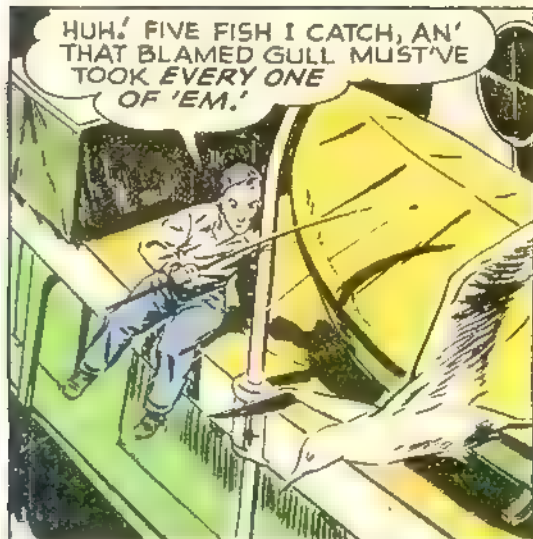


BY THE LIGHT OF THE TROPIC MOON, CONGO BILL WATCHES THE FAINT LIGHTS OF THE SALVAGE SHIP MOVE SLOWLY OUT OF SIGHT...

MAROONED!





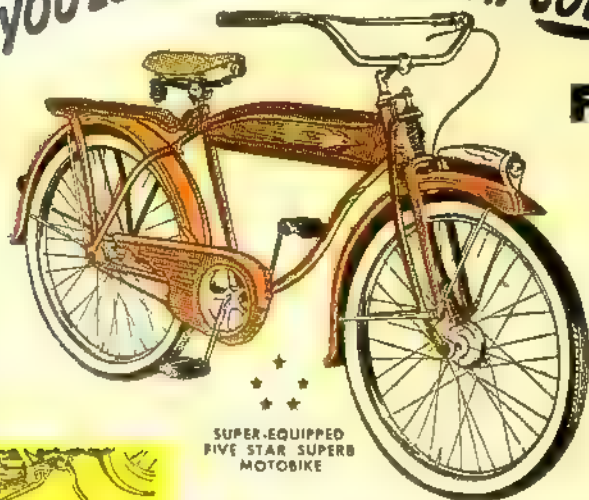




IF YOU WANT A RIDE LIKE THIS...

YOU'LL WANT THIS GREAT COLUMBIA WITH

**FLOATING-
ACTION
SPRING
FORK**



★ ★ ★
SUPER-EQUIPPED
FIVE STAR SUPERB
MOTOBIKE



BUILT-IN KICK STAND
for convenient parking,
streamlined riding.



COLUMBIA PROTECTO-
LOCK to give you
real burglar-proof
security.

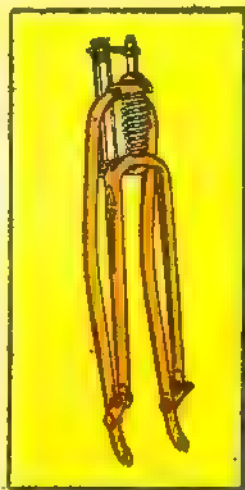


FULL PROTECT ON
CHAIN GUARD in an
air-flow design that
adds wings to Colum-
bia's speedy looks.

Yes, Sir, it's today's greatest bike! You'll go wild over its smo-o-th Columbia Floating-Action Spring Fork that rides you in the clouds, even over the bumpiest roads. You'll love its flashy Duo-Tone Colors . . . Gleaming Chrome . . . Front Wheel Expanding Brake (in addition to Coaster Brake!) . . . Cross-Braced Handlebar . . . the Super-Deluxe Grain-Leather Saddle with Chrome Springs and Crash Rail . . . the snazzy White Side Wall Tires . . . and other deluxe equipment!



THERM-O-MATIC FRAME,
the heart of your bike
where strength is com-
bined with streamlining.



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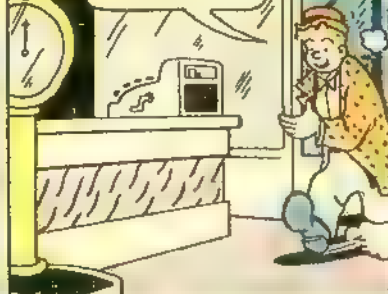
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IF I DON'T REDUCE A LITTLE I WON'T BE ABLE TO FIT INTO MY CLOTHES ANYMORE!



I BET I LOST MORE THAN TEN POUNDS DOING THAT ROAD-WORK!

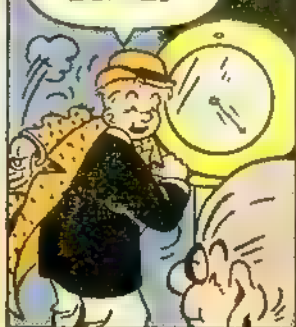


145?? BUT THAT'S WHAT I WEIGHED BEFORE THE WORKOUT!

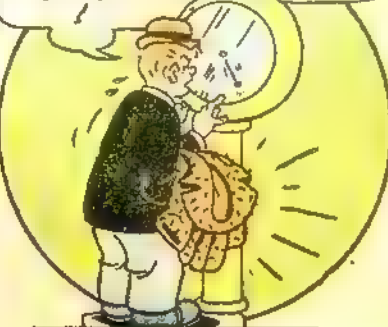


NO WONDER! YOU'RE WEARING YOUR OVER-COAT!

GOSH! I'M DUMB!



HMM-M! MY COAT'S OFF AND I STILL WEIGH 145 POUNDS.



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“ANY GUM, CHUM?”

HAVE you ever sat on a subway or streetcar and counted the number of people around you who were chewing gum? Or, perhaps, you've stood near a candy counter for a length of time and noticed the steady stream of customers calling for a stick of chewing gum or a package of bubble gum.

If you have, you probably couldn't help wondering what a giant industry gum-making must be. Since it was first founded in this country, chewing gum's popularity has been constantly growing until today, there is not a person in the farthest corner of the globe who hasn't, at one time or other, enjoyed this taste-tingling candy.

Veterans of the last war will tell you stories of European children who would gather around the G.I.'s wherever they set foot, asking, "Gum, Joe?" Or "Any gum, chum?" And the soldier would unhesitatingly pass out an attractively wrapped stick or package.

But chewing gum itself was not originated in our country. For perhaps many centuries, Indians of Mexico, Guatemala and Honduras got pleasure out of chewing the resinous nodules

gathered from certain types of spruce trees. It was the sap of these very trees which led to chewing gum as we know it today.

Shortly before the Civil War, a Mexican Indian chief, general and former president, named Santa Ana, fled in exile to the United States, where he became friends with the American chemist, Thomas Adams. One evening, while the two were having a chat, the exile reached into his pocket for a lump of gumlike substance, from which he occasionally bit off a chunk.

Adams noticed that Santa Ana was chewing those chunks with a great deal of enjoyment. The general explained that he was chewing the dried sap of a tree native to Mexico and Guatemala. He called this sap "chicle."

After examining some chicle, Adams sent to Mexico for a small shipment, but after experimenting with it, he realized that it was of no value.

Then Adams recalled how Santa Ana derived pleasure out of chewing the substance, and he tried it out on himself and his sons. The result was a tantalizing, delicious flavor. Immediately,

he repaired to the kitchen, where he and his sons worked on the remaining chicle with a rolling pin and knives, producing plump chunks.

Within an hour after it was placed on sale in a Jersey City shop, the chicle was completely sold out, and youngsters all over the neighborhood were calling for more. It was then that Thomas Adams realized that he had hit upon a type of candy which was destined for worldwide popularity. He constructed a small plant, which was the predecessor of our immense, modern chewing gum factories.

Today's chewing gum is made from the same sap which the Mexican general introduced to Adams. It comes from the sapodilla tree, which grows about forty feet high and forty inches in diameter. Natives of the country, called "chicleros," climb the tree with big knives and proceed to cut a criss-cross pattern down to the base of the trunk. Out of these criss-cross cuts oozes the chicle, thin and white, later hardening into a yellow, sticky substance. The chicleros carry it away in pails, and they ship it on to the American plants.

There, the chicle, in its raw state, is allowed to dry in special "hot rooms" for a period of 48 hours, then boiled and filtered of all its impurities. From the filtering machines, it is sent down to huge mixing kettles.

These mixing kettles represent the most important process in the manufacturing of chewing gum. In each one is added the particular type of flavoring, such as cinnamon, clove, peppermint, spearmint and many others—each calculated to please individual

tastes. Afterwards, sugar and other tasty elements are uniformly mixed in.

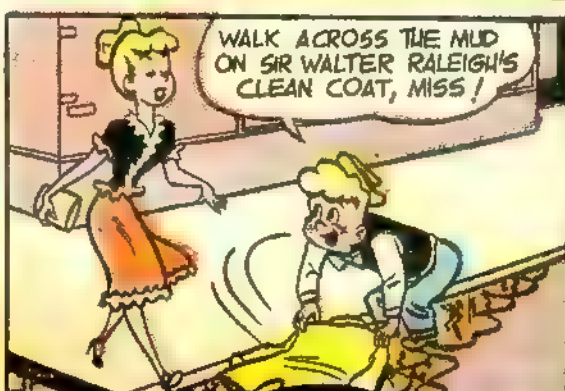
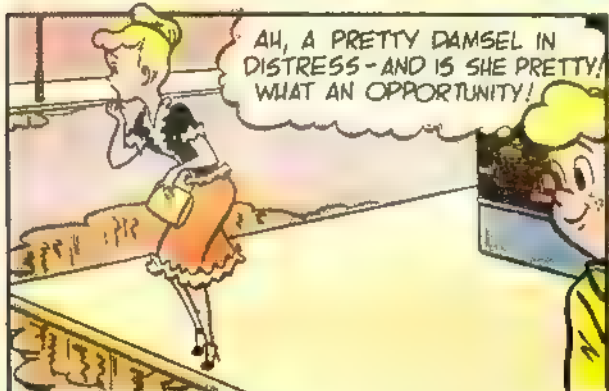
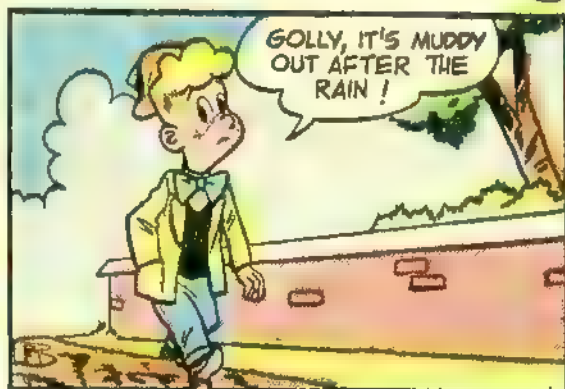
The candied substance is then transferred to kneading machines, similar to the ones found in bakeries. It is worked on until it becomes a smooth, creamy liquid.

Finally, the gum emerges from the kneaders, and it is broken into the shape desired—strips, balls or lozenges. After being coated with a thin layer of candy and polished, in order to make it more appealing to the eye, it is carefully wrapped and shipped out to candy counters all over the world.

While the production of chewing gum is basically a standard process, resembling the techniques first employed by Thomas Adams, present day manufacturers have introduced some variations. Every chewing gum company has its own special mixtures and formulas—many of them secret—and unique recipes.

One of the most unusual developments in this connection is bubble gum, which has lately achieved enormous popularity. Its manufacture merely involves the adding of certain substances, which give it the quality necessary for blowing it into large bubbles. Today, throughout the nation, bubble blowing has become a hobby stimulated by games and contests.

Yes, there is no longer any doubt about the ever-growing demand and popularity which chewing gum has achieved. This little stick of candy, which was first enjoyed by Indians, is now one of the world's leading industries, and it promises to remain so for many years to come.

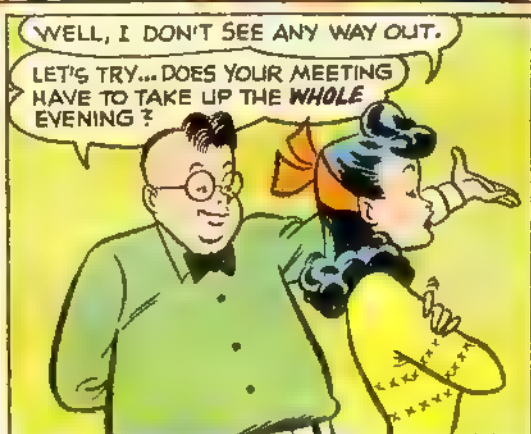
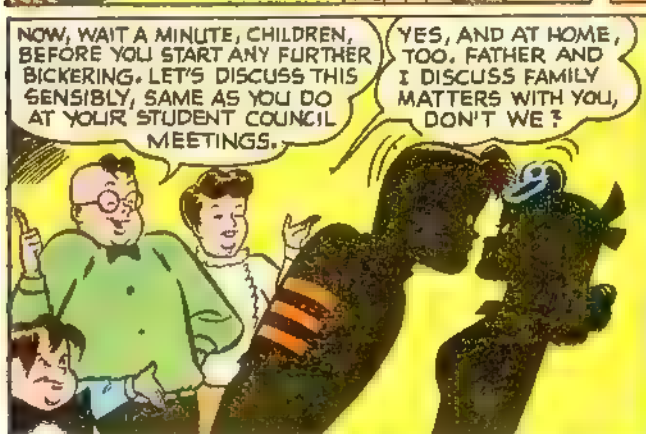
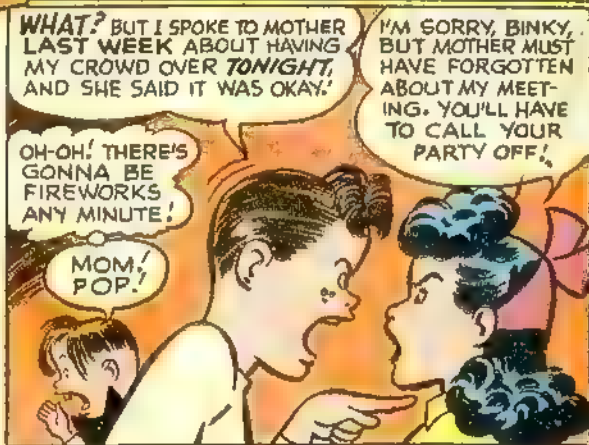


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"HOME, SWEET HOME!"



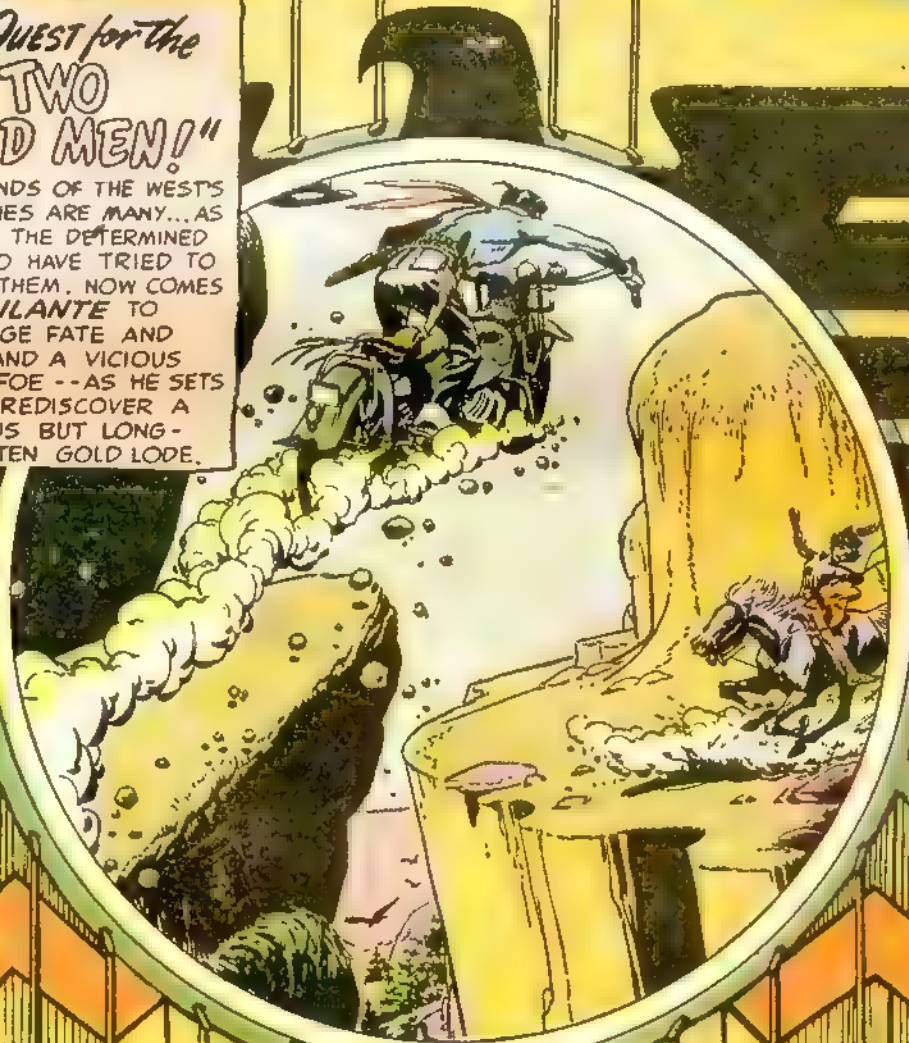
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VIGILANTE

"The Quest for the "TWO DEAD MEN!"

THE LEGENDS OF THE WEST'S
LOST MINES ARE MANY... AS
MANY AS THE DETERMINED
MEN WHO HAVE TRIED TO
LOCATE THEM. NOW COMES
THE **VIGILANTE** TO
CHALLENGE FATE AND
TIME -- AND A VICIOUS
HUMAN FOE -- AS HE SETS
OUT TO REDISCOVER A
FABULOUS BUT LONG-
FORGOTTEN GOLD LODE.



DAN
BARRY

BACK IN 1870, JIM POLAND AND ZEB LEE FOUND THE RICH VEIN OF GOLD THAT LATER WAS TO BE KNOWN AS THE "TWO DEAD MEN MINE"...

WHEEE! LOOK A' HERE! ZEB, WE'RE RICH! LOOK AT THESE NUGGETS!

BY CACTUS, JIM, SHE'S PURE GOLD! IN SOLID CHUNKS! WERE MILLIONAIRES!

BUT SOON, THEY WERE SEIZED BY THAT VIOLENT SICKNESS... GOLD FEVER, WHICH BREEDS JEALOUSY, FEAR AND DISTRUST...

GOT TO WATCH JIM! FOR A FORTUNE LIKE THAT, HE'S LIABLE TO SHOOT ME WHEN MY BACK IS TURNED...

I'LL ALWAYS KEEP MY GUN NEAR ME! LOOK AT HIM GLANCIN' OVER HIS SHOULDER AT ME- PROB'LY FIGGERIN' HOW TO KILL ME WITHOUT MY KNOWIN'...

TOUCHY TEMPER AND MOUNTING SUSPICION REACHED THEIR CLIMAX. ONE AFTERNOON RIFLES BLASTED...

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, JIM!

CRACK!

AN' YOU AIN'T GONNA MURDER ME, ZEB...!

BOTH WERE FATALLY WOUNDED, BUT BEFORE ZEB LEE DIED, HE CRAWLED TO THE MINE, COVERED ITS MOUTH WITH FEEBLE HANDS, AND REMOVED ITS WOODEN MARKER...

IF I CAN'T HAVE IT, NOBODY WILL... EVER GET TO OWN THE GOLD WE FOUND!

THE SCENE MOVES TO SAGE, ARIZONA, 80 YEARS LATER, WHERE THE TOWN HOLDS A CHARITY DRIVE, AND AMONG THE VISITORS ARE GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR, AND STUFF...

SINCE WE'RE AIMING TO BUILD THE FINEST HOSPITAL IN THE SOUTHWEST, FOLKS, WE NEED MONEY! IF YOU KNOW HOW WE CAN RAISE FUNDS, YOU'LL BE DOWN! YOURSELVES AS WELL AS US A FAVOR!

WAIT A MINUTE! HERE'S AN UNUSUAL IDEA, FOLKS! SOME HOMBRE ASKS THE VIGILANTE TO FIND THE "TWO DEAD MEN" MINE-- AND TURN ITS GOLD OVER TO THE HOSPITAL. HUH! BUT THAT REQUEST IS IMPOSSIBLE!

'IMPOSSIBLE? I DON'T KNOW. IT MAY BE WORTH TAKING A CRACK AT IT!

THAT NIGHT, AS THE CHARITY COMMITTEE MEETS...

GENTLEMEN, I HEARD OF WHAT'S WANTED OF ME AND CAME AS FAST AS I COULD I'M READY TO HUNT THAT GOLD MINE!

CONSNARN IT, VIG, THAT'S DARN NICE OF YOU, BUT THAT MINE MAY BE JUST A MYTH!



TO AID IN THE STRANGE QUEST COME SCHOLARS AND HISTORIANS...

I WROTE A BOOK ABOUT THAT MINE ONCE! HERE IS A COPY...

AND HERE'S THE MAP GIVING YOU A DETAILED DRAWING OF THE REGION WHERE THE MINE IS SUPPOSED TO BE!

I INVESTIGATED THE MATTER AND WROTE A VOLUME PROVING THAT THE MINE NEVER EXISTED AT ALL!



HMM...ACCORDING TO THESE MAPS, IT'S PIN-POINTED HERE. GUESS I'D BETTER PICK OUT A SPOT AND BEGIN DIGGING!



THAT'S RIGHT! THE ONLY WORD WE HAVE IS ZEB LEE'S DIARY. HE **WROTE** THE GOLD WAS FOUND, BUT NO ONE KNOWS FOR SURE!



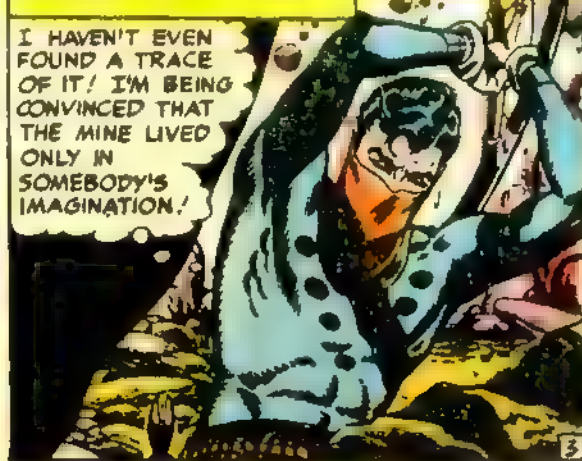
AS DAWN TINTS THE DESERT WASTELANDS, THE VIGILANTE ROCKETS ACROSS THE SANDS. BUT UNKNOWN TO HIM, SOME DISTANCE BEHIND, A CAR FOLLOWS...

GOOD LUCK, VIGILANTE! YOU'RE CARRYING OUT MY REQUEST! I HOPE YOU FIND WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR... BECAUSE I'LL BE RIGHT IN BACK OF YOU, READY TO TAKE OVER!



BUT LOCATING A LOST GOLD MINE IS MORE DIFFICULT THAN FINDING A NEEDLE IN THE HAYSTACK. DAYS LATER...

I HAVEN'T EVEN FOUND A TRACE OF IT! I'M BEING CONVINCED THAT THE MINE LIVED ONLY IN SOMEBODY'S IMAGINATION!



MEANWHILE, FROM HIS VANTAGE POINT...

IF ANY MAN CAN FIND THAT FORTUNE, IT'S THE VIGILANTE! THAT'S WHY I ASKED HIM TO TRY, BUT IT SEEMS EVEN HE IS FACING - DEFEAT!



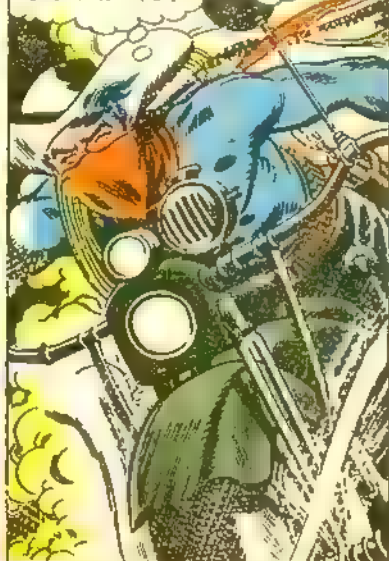
ONE DAY AS THE PRAIRIE PALADIN RETURNS FROM A NEARBY TOWN WITH FRESH SUPPLIES,

HELP!
HELP!

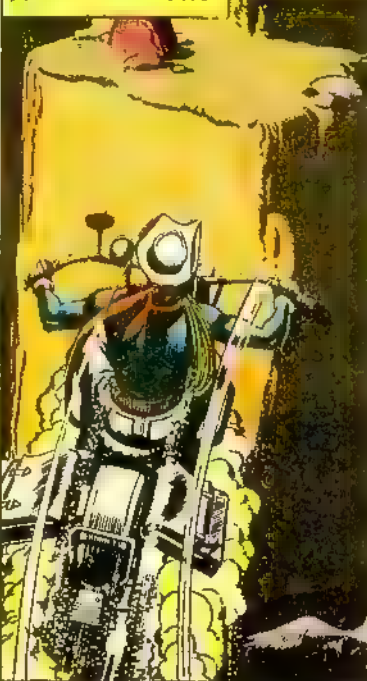
THAT BRONC IS RUNNING AWAY - THE GIRL CAN'T CONTROL IT!



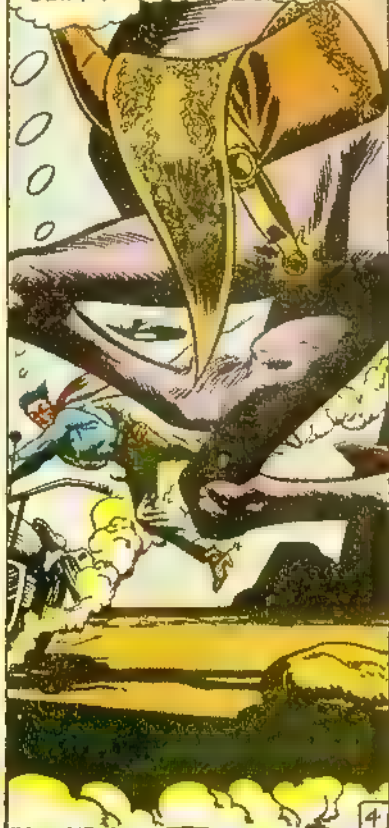
NO CHANCE TO REACH HER BEFORE THAT HORSE GOES OVER THAT CLIFF! I'VE GOT TO JUMP THAT CANYON - OR TRY TO!



LIKE A LIVING THUNDERBOLT, THE SAGEBRUSH SENTINEL CATAPULTS FORWARD AND UP! WHEELS CHURN IN MIDAIR! THE MOTOR GROWLS SAVAGELY! POISED A THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE JAGGED ROCKS BELOW... THE VIGILANTE GRIPS THE MOTORCYCLE HANDLES AND HANGS ON!



MUST- GRAB THOSE REINS - OR THAT LOCO BRONC WILL PLUNGE RIGHT OVER - THE CLIFF!



BUT THE THUNDERING BEAST IS NOT TO BE HALTED, AND...

WE'RE GOING OVER!

GOT TO STOP HIM..SOMEHOW!



SUDDENLY, THE VIGILANTE JAMS HIS BOOTS DOWN, AND THE SPURS SINK DEEP INTO A TREE-STUMP!



THOSE SPURS SURE WORKED LIKE BRAKES! EASY, NOW! EASY, BOY! WHAT SCARED YOUR HORSE, MA'AM?

IT MUST'VE BEEN THE SUNLIGHT REFLECTED FROM TWIN PEAKS. THERE WAS A MAN UP THERE, DOING SOMETHING...



SOMETIME LATER, DOLORES MARIPOSA AND HER RESCUER REACH HER FAMILY HACIENDA...

GRACIAS, SENOR, FOR HAVING SAVED MY DAUGHTER'S LIFE. SHE IS DEARER TO ME THAN ALL THE WORLD! WHAT CAN I DO TO REPAY YOU?

FATHER-- THE VIGILANTE NEVER ACCEPTS ANY REWARDS!



BUT THAT EVENING, AFTER A FESTIVE DINNER...

I WAS THINKING, SENOR, OF YOUR WISH TO DO ME A FAVOR. WELL, YOU CERTAINLY CAN, I'D LIKE TO BORROW THAT RUG THAT HANGS IN YOUR OUTER HALLWAY!

THAT RUG? BUT, SENOR VIGILANTE, IT IS SO OLD! ALMOST 80 YEARS AGO IT WAS WOVEN. IT WILL NOT KEEP YOU WARM OF NIGHTS!



YEARS AGO, NAVAJO RUG-MAKERS WOVE LOCAL NEWS INTO THEIR RUG PATTERNS. MAYBE THE SQUAW WHO MADE THIS RUG SAW ZEB LEE AND JIM POLAND SHOOTING AT EACH OTHER!



TAKE THE RUG, VIGILANTE! KEEP IT! IT IS YOURS!

IF THOSE MEN ARE POLAND AND LEE - I RECKON THAT WHITE PIECE OF WOOD SHOWN IN THE RUG MAY BE THE MARKER TO THE LOST MINE!



NEXT MORNING, THE VIGILANTE IMPATIENTLY UNROLLS THE RUG TO FIND, TO HIS HORROR...

NOW TO CHECK THOSE LANDMARKS! IF I... (GULP) THE RUG IS UNRAVELLING-- FALLING APART! I'VE GOT TO TRY TO RE-WEAVE IT IF I'M GOING TO USE IT AS A CLUE!



THIS IS TAKING MIGHTY LONG, BUT I'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL. ONE STRING THREADED WRONG AND THE WHOLE PICTURE COULD BE CHANGED!

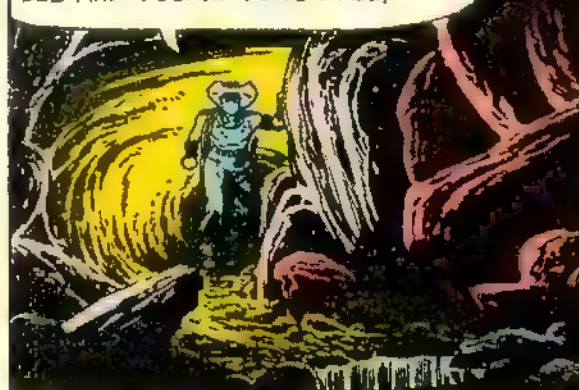


BY MORNING, THE TASK IS COMPLETED...

THERE! NOW TO CHECK THE LANDMARKS ON THE MAP AGAINST THE PICTURE IN THIS RUG. HMM... THAT WOODEN MARKER SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN SET NEAR A CAVE OF SOME SORT...



THIS IS THE CAVE ENTRANCE WHICH WAS SHOWN IN THE RUG. BUT... BUT THERE ARE NO GOLD VEINS IN THE ROCK WALLS! WAS I MISTAKEN? MAYBE THOSE FIGURES WOVEN IN THE RUG AREN'T LEE AND POLAND AFTER ALL!



I KNEW IF ANY MAN COULD DO IT, THE VIG WOULD! HE FOUND THAT MINE! WELL, GUESS IT'S ABOUT TIME SLICK ADAMS CAME IN... AND THE VIG WENT OUT!



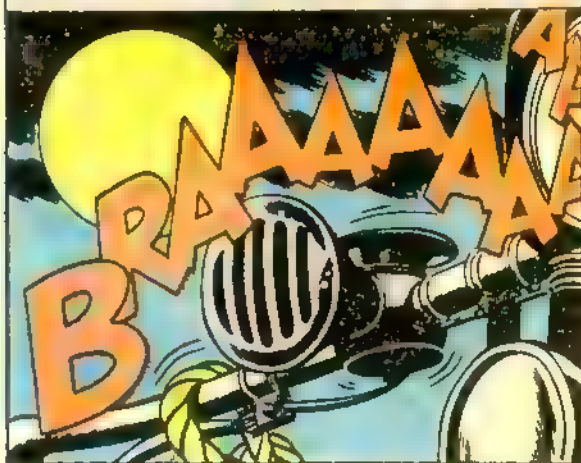
CAN'T RISK SHOOTING HIM. THEY'D KNOW HE WAS MURDERED WHEN HIS BODY'D BE FOUND. NO, I'LL MAKE IT LOOK LIKE HE HAD AN ACCIDENT! THESE STONES MAKE A CRUDE BUT EFFECTIVE BLACKJACK... HMPH, THE VIGILANTE WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT HIM!



EASY DOES IT... IT WON'T BE LONG NOW... GOT TO BE QUIET. I CAN SEE ALL THAT GOLD ALREADY...

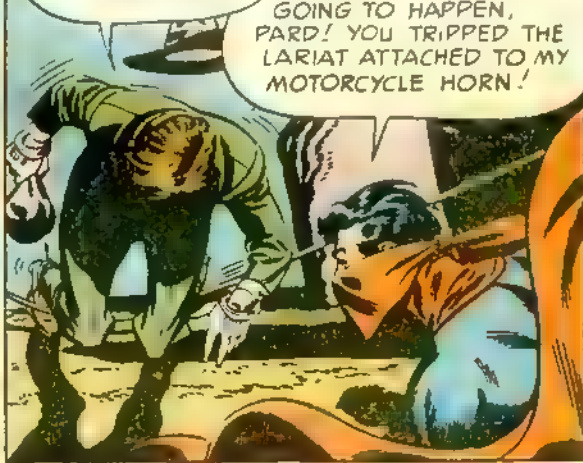


ABRUPTLY, THROUGH THE STILL DESERT NIGHT BLASTS THE VIGILANTE'S MOTORCYCLE HORN!



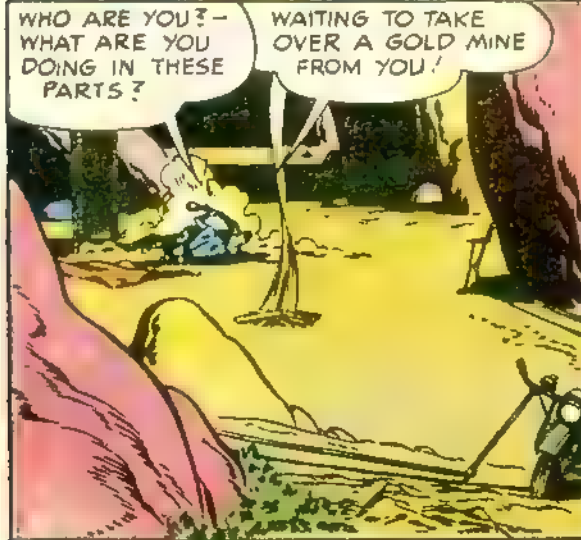
HUH? WHA - WHAT HAPPENED?

YOU SHOULD BE MORE INTERESTED IN WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN, PARD! YOU TRIPPED THE LARIAT ATTACHED TO MY MOTORCYCLE HORN!



WHO ARE YOU? - WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THESE PARTS?

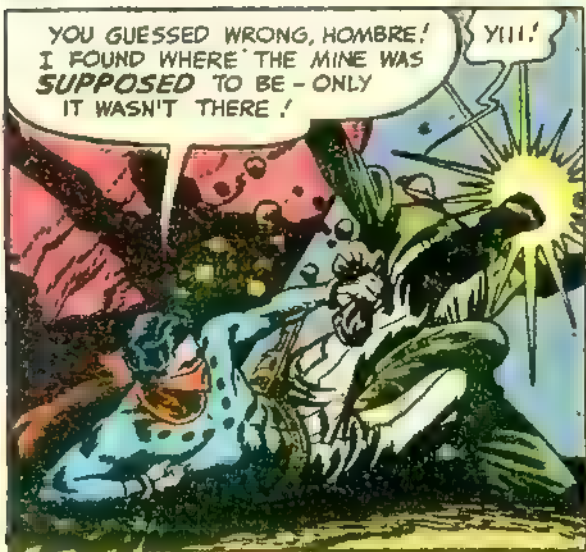
WAITING TO TAKE OVER A GOLD MINE FROM YOU!



LOCKED IN BATTLE, THE MEN THRASH OVER THE PRECIOUS NAVAJO RUG, RIPPING IT. SLICK ADAMS POISES THE LETHAL WEAPON, MENACINGLY...

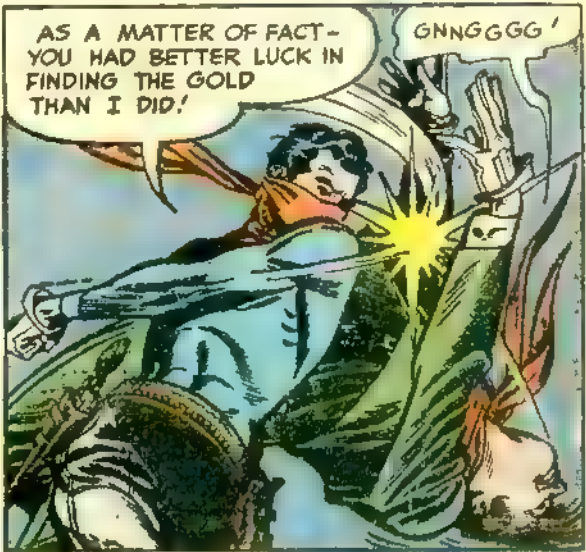
I SENT IN THAT REQUEST FOR YOU TO FIND THE MINE. NOW THAT YOU DID - I'LL TAKE IT! AND HERE'S MY WAY OF SAYING, "THANKS!"





YOU GUESSED WRONG, HOMBRE!
I FOUND WHERE THE MINE WAS
SUPPOSED TO BE - ONLY
IT WASN'T THERE!

YIII!



AS A MATTER OF FACT -
YOU HAD BETTER LUCK IN
FINDING THE GOLD
THAN I DID!

GNNGGGG!



YOU'RE LOCO,
VIGILANTE --
CRAZY! ME -
FIND GOLD?
WHERE...HOW?

THESE STONES WITH WHICH
YOU WEIGHED YOUR
LEATHER SACK - ARE
PURE GOLD NUGGETS!
WHERE DID YOU PICK THEM
UP?

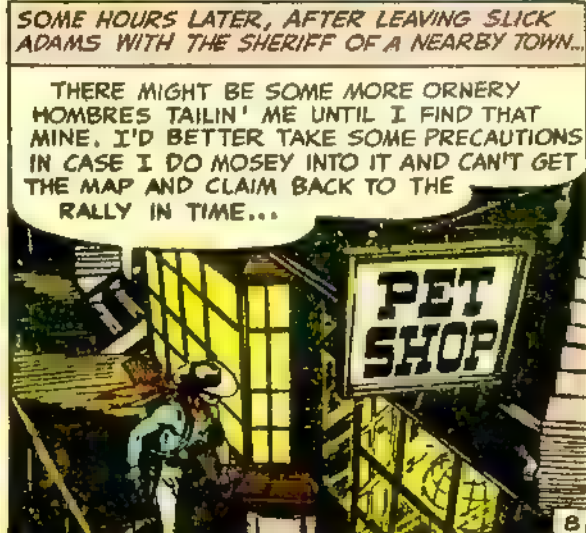


I - I CAN'T REMEMBER
WHERE! AND IT WAS
DARK! I COULDN'T
FIND THE SPOT AGAIN...
I HAD THE GOLD RIGHT
IN MY HAND... AND
DIDN'T KNOW IT!

YOU WERE STAND-
ING RIGHT OVER
THE "TWO DEAD
MEN MINE!"
YOU FOUND IT
ALL RIGHT...BUT
YOU LOST IT!



YEAH, YOUR OWN GREED BLINDED YOU!
IF IT DIDN'T, YOU'D HAVE SPOTTED MY
LARIAT LAYIN' ON THE GROUND TO WARN
ME IF A SNAKE CROSSED IT! I CAUGHT
A SNAKE ALL RIGHT - A TWO-LEGGED ONE!

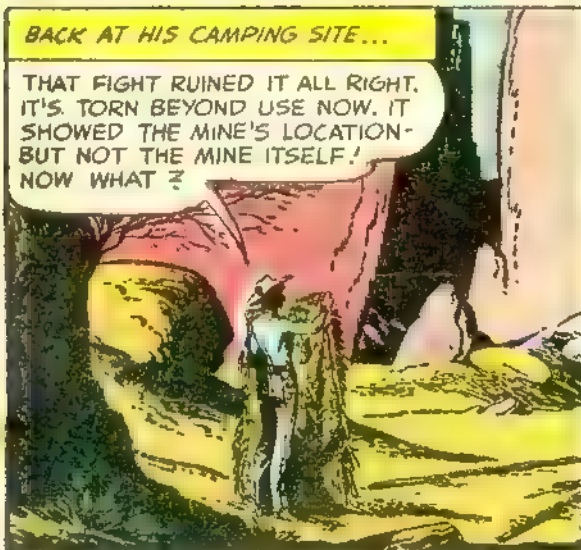


SOME HOURS LATER, AFTER LEAVING SLICK
ADAMS WITH THE SHERIFF OF A NEARBY TOWN...

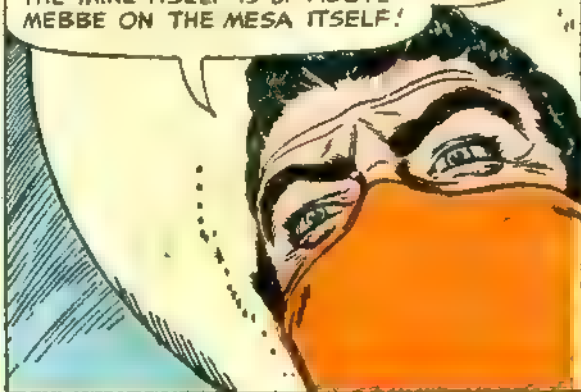
THERE MIGHT BE SOME MORE ORNERY
HOMBRES TAILIN' ME UNTIL I FIND THAT
MINE. I'D BETTER TAKE SOME PRECAUTIONS
IN CASE I DO MOSEY INTO IT AND CAN'T GET
THE MAP AND CLAIM BACK TO THE
RALLY IN TIME...

BACK AT HIS CAMPING SITE...

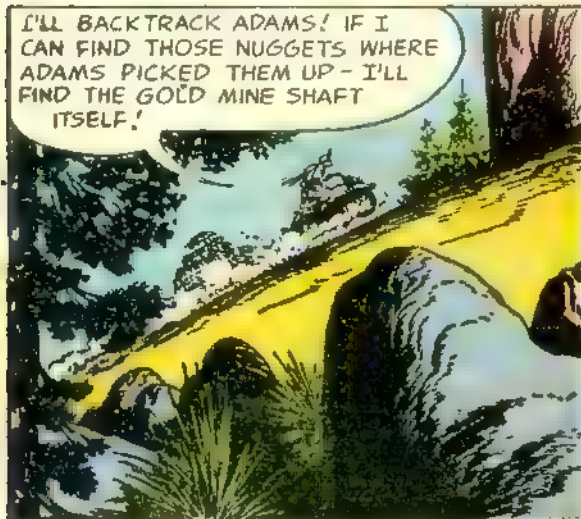
THAT FIGHT RUINED IT ALL RIGHT. IT'S TORN BEYOND USE NOW. IT SHOWED THE MINE'S LOCATION - BUT NOT THE MINE ITSELF! NOW WHAT?



LEMME DO SOME RECKONIN', IF SLICK ADAMS PICKED UP THOSE GOLD NUGGETS WHEN HE WAS WATCHING ME - IT MUST HAVE BEEN HIM WHO SCARED DOLORES MARIPOSA'S BRONC - AND THAT MEANS THE MINE ITSELF IS UP ABOVE - MEBBE ON THE MESA ITSELF!



I'LL BACKTRACK ADAMS! IF I CAN FIND THOSE NUGGETS WHERE ADAMS PICKED THEM UP - I'LL FIND THE GOLD MINE SHAFT ITSELF!



HERE ARE SOME MORE OF THE NUGGETS, ALL RIGHT. BUT THEY'RE SPREAD OVER SO MUCH GROUND, A BODY CAN'T TELL WHERE THE MOTHER LODE IS! I HAVE A HANKERIN' THE MINE IS CONNECTED TO THAT CAVE, BUT HOW CAN I PROVE IT?

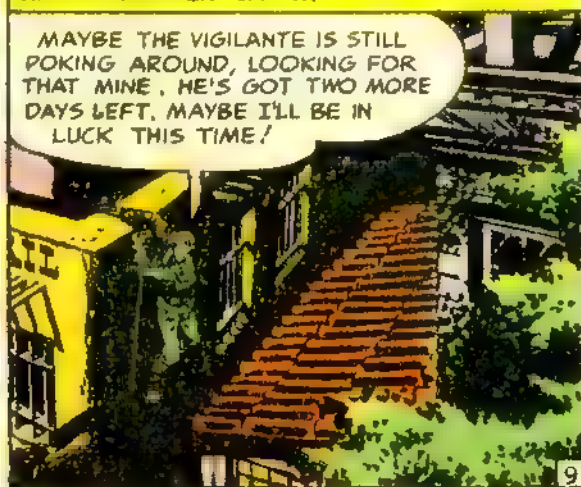


IF THE MARKER WAS INTENDED TO SHOW THIS CAVE, AS THE NAVAJO RUG SHOWED, IT MEANS LEE AND POLAND WORKED THEIR MINE FROM THE CAVE. EITHER THEY COVERED THE TUNNEL, OR A LANDSLIDE DID. BUT MEBBE I CAN STILL LOCATE IT...



BUT SLICK ADAMS WASN'T IDLY NICKNAMED. HAVING BROKEN JAIL...

MAYBE THE VIGILANTE IS STILL POKING AROUND, LOOKING FOR THAT MINE. HE'S GOT TWO MORE DAYS LEFT. MAYBE I'LL BE IN LUCK THIS TIME!

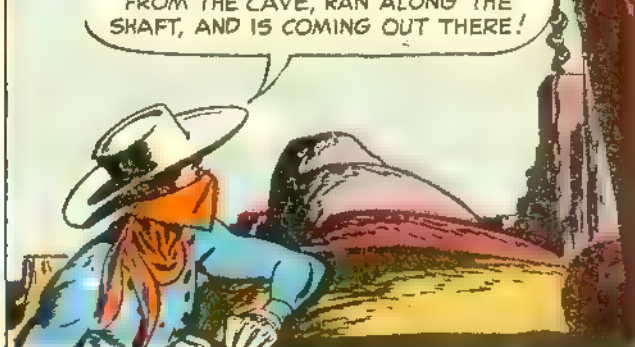


NOW THAT THIS FIRE IS GOING STRONG, RECKON I'LL CLOSE UP THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE. THE SMOKE WILL RISE... FIND A HOLE IN THE DIRT COVERING THAT GOLD MINE SHAFT... AND MOVE ALONG UNTIL IT POURS OUT INTO THE AIR!

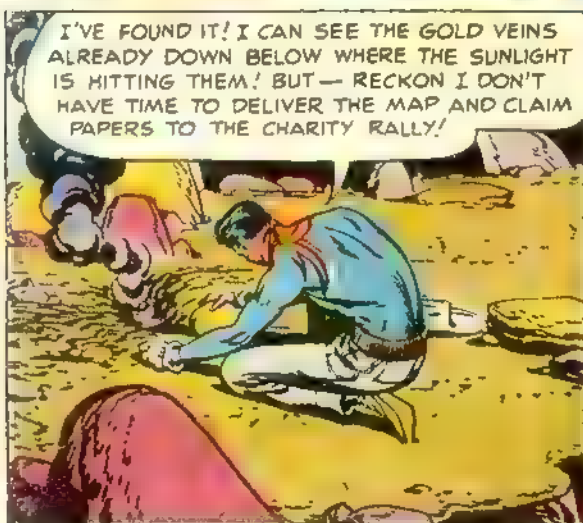


AND SOON, A THIN, POINTING FINGER OF BLACK SMOKE RISES UPWARD...

THAT'S IT! — THE UPPER LEVEL OF THE GOLD MINE SHAFT! THE SMOKE ROSE FROM THE CAVE, RAN ALONG THE SHAFT, AND IS COMING OUT THERE!



I'VE FOUND IT! I CAN SEE THE GOLD VEINS ALREADY DOWN BELOW WHERE THE SUNLIGHT IS HITTING THEM! BUT — RECKON I DON'T HAVE TIME TO DELIVER THE MAP AND CLAIM PAPERS TO THE CHARITY RALLY!



LATER, AS THE VIGILANTE BREAKS CAMP, A FAMILIAR VOICE SNAPS...

DON'T MOVE YOUR GUN, VIGILANTE! I GOT YOU COVERED! I WANT THAT MAP AND CLAIM PAPERS! THEY WEREN'T SENT TO THE CHARITY RALLY— SO YOU MUST STILL HAVE THEM!

YOU'RE A FEW MINUTES TOO LATE, HOMBRE! LOOK UP ABOVE — IN THE SKY!



AFTER I LEFT YOU IN JAIL IN TOWN I BOUGHT A HOMING PIGEON. IT'S FLYING TO THAT RALLY FOR ME — CARRYING THOSE PAPERS THE CHARITY COMMITTEE WILL NEED!

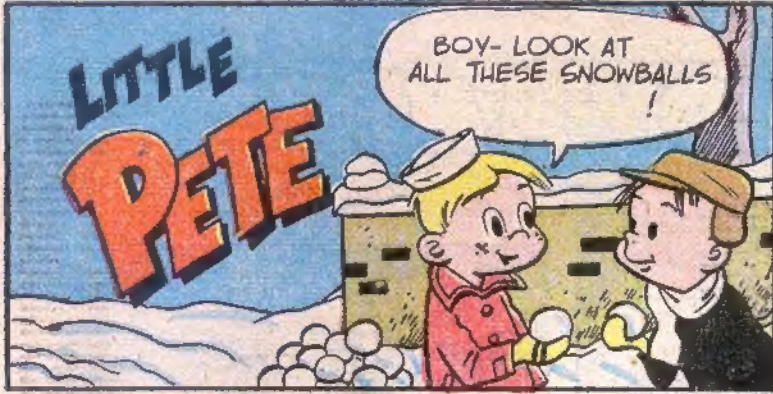


MY JOB IS FINISHED, AND SO ARE YOU. LET'S GET GOIN', HOMBRE. I WANT TO DROP YOU OFF AT THE SHERIFF'S AGAIN BEFORE I RETURN TO THAT THERE RALLY!

AHHH — SHADDUP!



THE END



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BUILDER!

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Pierre St. Amand
 POWER IS FURNISHED BY A SMALL PROPELLER AND A 2-CYLINDER MOTOR. PIERRE PLANS TO REPLACE WHEELS WITH SKIS THIS WINTER



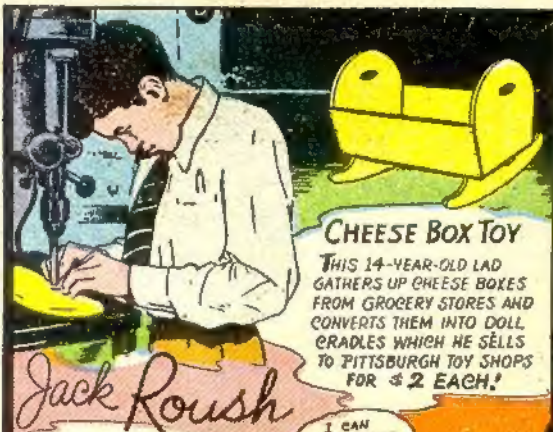
CREATOR

THIS LITTLE 14-YEAR-OLD GIRL CREATES BEAUTIFUL JEWELRY OUT OF SEA SHELLS! HER SHELL PINS ARE THE RAGE IN HER HOME TOWN OF KANSAS CITY AND NEARBY TOWNS.

BABS LEARNED TO DO HER STUFF WITH THE SHELLS WHILE ON A VISIT TO SAN FRANCISCO. NOW SHE GETS THE SHELLS VIA MAIL.



Barbara Bittner
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THIS 14-YEAR-OLD LAD GATHERS UP CHEESE BOXES FROM GROCERY STORES AND CONVERTS THEM INTO DOLL CRADLES WHICH HE SELLS TO PITTSBURGH TOY SHOPS FOR \$2 EACH!

Jack Roush

JACKIF DOES ALL THE WORK AT HOME EXCEPT THE ROCKERS. HE CUTS THESE OUT WITH A POWER SAW AT A PLANING MILL. THEY CHARGE A SMALL FEE FOR USE OF THE SAW.

JACKIE PLANS TO MAKE A WHOLE LINE OF CHEESE BOX TOYS.

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—Red Ryder

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